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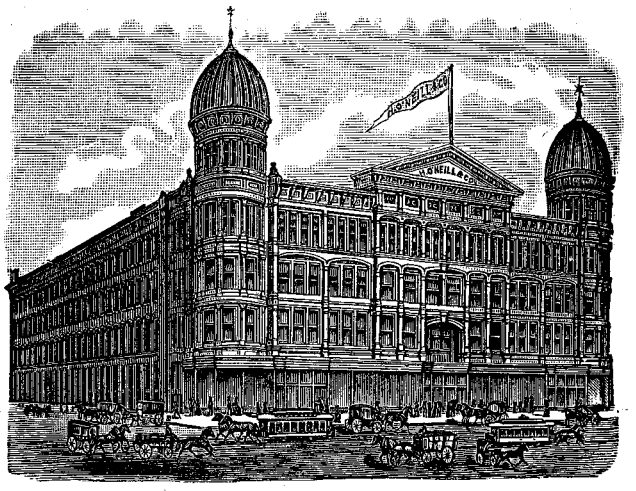

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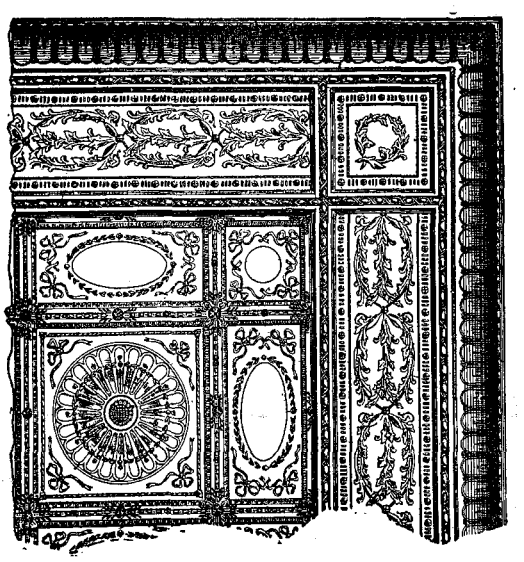

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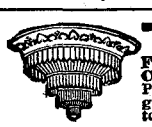

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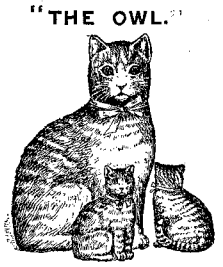

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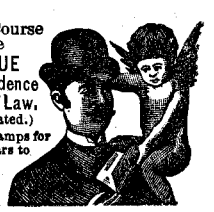

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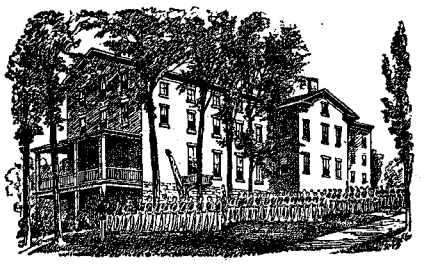

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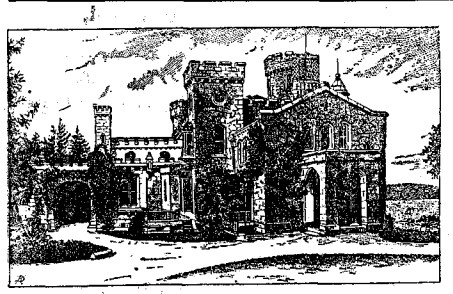

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

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The Week

IN the debate on the Federal Election laws the only forcible argument brought forward by the advocates of repeal (aside from the partisan administration of Supervisor Davenport in New York City) has been the cost of the present system. The fact that two citizens may call for the appointment of supervisors and deputy marshals in large cities, whether there is any fear of an unfair election or not, is indeed an anomaly, and the public ought to be protected against such needless expenditures. Yet the amount of this expense is easily exaggerated in the rhetoric about patronage. Beginning with 1877, the amount expended in this way during seventeen years has aggregated less than $4,000,000. Had this whole amount been expended upon a single Presidential election, the Nation could better afford it than a repetition of the frauds of 1868, when New York State gave exactly 10,000 majority for the candidate in whose interest 25,000 illegal votes were alleged to have been cast in New York City. In 1880, in 1884, and in 1888 the vote of New York State determined the issue of the campaign. The chief objection to the repeal of the Federal Election laws, however, is not very different from the chief objection to their extension through the "Force" Bill. In the South, at least, the repeal would place the election machinery in the hands of one party, and, to all appearances, would make this change for a distinctively partisan end. In Federal elections, the majority in one section has the right to know that it is not being defrauded by the action of a majority in another section. To furnish serious grounds for distrust is to keep alive the old sectional issues which ought long since to have been buried. The repeal bill before the House annuls even those sections of the election laws which provide for the prosecution in Federal courts of illegal voters at Federal elections. Some of the Northern Democrats objected to carrying the repeal so far as this, but a party caucus held on Monday of this week decided that the bill should be supported in its present form.

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The most important silver question before the country last week was not whether the Sherman Act should be repealed, but whether it should be enforced so long as it remains on the statute-books. The provision of this Act directing the purchase of silver bullion reads as follows:

"Be it enacted . . . that the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby directed to purchase, from time to time, silver bullion to the aggregate amount of 4,500,000 ounces, or so much thereof as may be offered in each month, at the market price thereof, not exceeding $1 for 371¼ grains of pure silver."

Since the end of July it has been known that the purchases have fallen below the amount the law was supposed to direct; but until last week the Administration's apology for the reduced purchases was not officially before the public. The purchases, as stated by the Director of the Mint, have been as follows:

July	2,982,000 ounces.
August	3,934,497 ounces.
September	2,769,629 ounces.

The total purchases for the quarter were thus 8,922,108 ounces, instead of 13,500,000 ounces, as hitherto. The explanation of the reduction, as stated by Secretary Carlisle in response to a resolution passed by the House, is briefly this:

"The practice of accepting the lowest prices as fixed by the bidders, and which were almost without exception in excess of the prices quoted by the daily press, continued until June 12, 1893, when the system of making counter bids, in cases where the prices asked by bidders were regarded as more than the market price, was inaugurated. The department completed the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces for the month of June on the 21st day of that month. . . . On July 7 the offers of silver aggregated 1,178,000 ounces, at prices ranging from $0.72 to $0.76. The equivalent of the London price was $0.7448. The quotation for bullion certificates in New York was $0.72⅜. An offer of 100,000 ounces at 72 cents was accepted, and the same rate tendered for the remaining 1,078,000, the offer of the department being accepted for 488,000 ounces. . . . In view of these facts it seems eminently proper that, as the Government of the United States is the largest purchaser of silver in the world, the Secretary of the Treasury, after an examination of the offers and quotations of each day, should determine what in his judgment is a fair market price, especially as the act of July 14, 1890, expressly provides for the purchase of '4,500,000 ounces, or so much thereof as may be offered in each month at the market price thereof.'"

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To the practice introduced by Secretary Carlisle of offering counter bids for silver, instead of accepting the lowest bids offered to him, no one who regards this question from the standpoint of the public will offer the slightest criticism. It is true that most Government contracts are given out to the lowest bidder. It is true that public funds now aggregating $12,000,000, and in Mr. Cleveland's previous administration aggregating at one time $60,000,000, were given over to certain banks without any bids whatever to secure for the public what the deposits were worth. Yet, in reversing precedent and entering the market to buy silver as cheaply as he could, Secretary Carlisle did his duty as a public servant. When, however, he went beyond this point and refused to accept bids at rates even less than the corresponding London rates, and thereby failed to purchase the four and a half million ounces directed by the law, he seems to us to have violated that law. When the Sherman Act was passed, it was not known that four and a half million ounces a month would always be offered at a price less than $1 for 371¼ grains (the maximum fixed by the law); and the discretion given by the law to the Secretary of the Treasury to abstain from purchasing appears to us to be confined to those occasions in which the market price might exceed that maximum. The market price of any commodity is the price at which it can be obtained in the open market, and the full amount required by law could have been obtained

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during July, August, and September, at such market price. Indeed, during the first two of the months in which Secretary Carlisle declared himself unable to purchase this amount at the market price, foreign buyers shipped from our market 8,000,000 ounces of silver, for which they had to pay our market price plus the cost of transportation.

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The Democratic State Convention in Nebraska last week had an importance altogether out of proportion to the offices to be filled at this year's election. The Democracy of Nebraska has in the past almost uniformly supported the free coinage of silver. Its leading Representative in Congress, Mr. Bryan, is by far the most powerful advocate of free coinage in the House of Representatives. Furthermore, Mr. Bryan was himself present at the State Convention to prevent an indorsement of the President's currency policy. Yet, after a fierce struggle, such an indorsement was given, in the most explicit terms possible, by a substantial majority of the Convention. This action of the Convention would have proven a great triumph for President Cleveland's personal following among Western Democrats had not Mr. Bryan, when brought to choose between his party and his free-coinage convictions, repudiated the platform which the Convention had adopted and declared that henceforth he would support the People's party. There is no man in the West whose change of political affiliations is of greater consequence. Mr. Bryan, by his speech upon the tariff in the last Congress and his speech upon silver in the present, has come to rank as the finest orator and best thinker among the free-trade and free-silver Democrats. His accession to the ranks of the Populists will not only strengthen that party in Nebraska, but wherever free-coinage Democrats are hesitating in their party allegiance.

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We find a report in the New York "Times" of Friday, October 6, of certain facts in the case of Justice Charles Dean Long, of the Michigan Supreme Court, which, if the "Times" correctly reports them, afford a very striking illustration of the objection which The Outlook has often stated against the pension system, as it has been administered. According to the "Times," the law provides for a pension of $72 per month to persons who are "totally helpless," and who "require the regular aid and assistance of another person." Under this law Justice Charles Dean Long has not only been drawing a pension, but has also received over $6,000 in arrears, while at the same time he has been in receipt of a salary of $7,000 per annum as the Judge of the Court of last resort in his State. The Commissioner of Pensions has now stopped the payment of the pension, pending investigation into the facts, and the pensioner has applied for a mandamus to compel the continuance of the pension. We are very glad that he has done so, and that in this way the law will be brought before the United States Court for judicial interpretation. Our readers will understand that we have no inclination to prejudge the case, and that our statement of the facts here is simply a report of the statement which we find in the columns of the New York "Times." The fact, however, that such a case is pending in the courts, whatever may be found by the tribunal to be the particular circumstances in this individual case, illustrates the objection to the past and present pension system. The United States ought to provide liberally for those of its soldiers who, through incapacity caused by the Civil War, are unable to earn a livelihood; and there may be cases of specially distinguished service for which it is right that the Nation should give special reward, either in money or in some other form of recognition; but a system which provides for paying $400 or $500 a year to a citizen who is in receipt of an income entirely competent for his support, is, in our judgment, a wholly injudicious system, based neither on principles of justice nor on considerations of a true and wise generosity.

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The twentieth day of October has been selected as Manhattan Day at the World's Fair, and will undoubtedly bring together a great concourse of New Yorkers ready to honor their State by giving that occasion the prestige of a great popular gathering. It is gratifying to know that New York has sent an immense delegation to Chicago, and has in many ways expressed its admiration and appreciation of the magnificent work of that city in this National, or rather world, illustration of the arts and industries. At first there was a general feeling that the earlier visitors at the Fair, and especially the artists who had to do with it, had allowed their imaginations to run away with them in the accounts which they gave of its beauty and its comprehensiveness; but as the months have passed by, the impression has steadily deepened that the present World's Fair is far more significant than any of its predecessors; that it is the realization of certain ideals of architecture and arrangement which have long been in the minds of men, but which have not before been seen by modern eyes; and that it marks the beginning of a new era in the art history of this country. It is a matter of supreme satisfaction that this vision of loveliness has materialized under the hand of the greatest of modern democracies. It is hard to reconcile one's self to the inevitable fate which must shortly overtake the White City; but, although it will vanish from the sight, it will not vanish from the memory of the people of this country. As The Outlook said before the gates had been opened, the White City will repeat itself for a century to come in the architecture of the whole country.

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Among the many distinguished visitors from abroad now in this country, none is more prominent than the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, the Liberal-Unionist leader in Parliament. It has sometimes been said of Mr. Chamberlain that his political methods and his mental characteristics are American rather than English. However that may be, of late years no Englishman, except Mr. Gladstone, has played a more conspicuous part in the public life of that country. Mr. Chamberlain is in the prime of life. He is a man of great political sagacity, who has developed to a remarkable extent the ability to manage his own party. To him has been due in large measure the introduction of the caucus system on the scale in which it is now in operation in English politics. His severance from the Liberal party on the Home Rule question has apparently carried with it a surrender of the radicalism which was formerly characteristic of Mr. Chamberlain in his attitude toward public questions. Acting as he does to-day with the Conservative party, he has practically ceased to have any affiliations with the English Radicals, of whom he was once the hope and rising star. In response to some inquiries with regard to his opinion of political matters at home, Mr. Chamberlain expressed the opinion that Mr. Gladstone's plan is to pass several minor bills through the House of Commons, which will be rejected by the House of Lords, and then to appeal to the country on a number of measures, including Home Rule, which have secured the assent of the popular body and been rejected by the Upper Chamber. He emphasized the fact that the Home Rule Bill has been disapproved by a large majority of the English representa-

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tives, and, in his judgment, a large majority both of English and Scotch electors, are opposed to the scheme. So long as England and Scotland are against a measure, it is impossible, in Mr. Chamberlain's judgment, to pass it, or to make a rejection of it by the House of Lords the basis of a popular agitation against that body. Mr. Chamberlain expects to see a dissolution early next year. The Conservatives are very eager to secure an immediate appeal to the people; the Liberals are anxious to postpone it as long as possible. It is the opinion of Mr. Chamberlain that if, at the next election, England and Scotland vote for the Home Rule measure, the House of Lords will acquiesce in the popular will.

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Now that Belgium has a new Constitution and has taken a great stride toward democracy, Holland is likely to follow in the same direction. The electorate of that country, under the present Constitution, does not exceed three hundred thousand voters, but there is a reform bill before the States-General under the provisions of which the electors will be increased in number to nearly one million. This bill is a part of the Liberal programme, having been proposed by the Liberal Cabinet and having found its chief and most influential supporter in the Prime Minister. It grants what is practically universal suffrage, giving a vote to every male citizen of Holland twenty-three years of age who is not supported by public charity and who is able to read and write. The proposed reform has the support, not only of the Liberal party, but of the Democrat Catholics and of the workingmen. The latter would naturally be its chief supporters, although they have not, as in Belgium, brought about a popular agitation. There is a group of men in the Liberal party who desire to keep the balance of power in Holland where it long has been—in the hands of the middle classes—and who are opposing this bill on the ground that universal suffrage would transfer political power from the middle to the working classes. The discussion now going on in the Chamber has called forth several proposed amendments, but the extension of the ballot is not likely to be greatly modified.

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We have already commented on the crisis in Bohemia, brought about by the rapid spread of the nationalist spirit as represented by the Young Czechs—a spirit which will not tolerate the present condition of Bohemia as a province of the Austrian Empire with a provincial Diet, but demands its recognition as a separate kingdom or Federal State by Hungary; the crowning of the Emperor as King; the establishment of a Federal Diet; and the placing in the hands of the Czechs of the government, both local and general, of the whole country. The situation in Bohemia is, however, an extremely difficult one for the Austrian Government to deal with, and presents in an objective way the extraordinary difficulties of managing an empire made up of so many diverse nationalities—difficulties which have so far been overcome mainly by the personal character and tact of the Emperor; factors which, in the nature of things, must soon be eliminated from the problem. If the principle of federalism becomes established under the Austrian Empire, it will effect a revolution of the most radical kind, not only because of the number of States which would be involved in reconstruction, but on account also of the great number of different nationalities. It would be very difficult for Austria proper, made up as it is of Germans, to permit the German element in the other States to be driven to the wall, but that is precisely what must happen if the different nationalities are all put in control of their own provinces. The position is further complicated by the fact that these different races—Slavs, Germans, Roumanians, Italians, and Poles—are not detached bodies, but stand in most intimate relations with other great States. The Slav reckons, to a certain extent, on the sympathy of Russia, the German on that of the German Empire, and the Italian on that of Italy; and these States not only surround Austria, but a majority of them are possible enemies in the near future. It will be seen, therefore, in dealing with this problem, that Austria has not only to effect the difficult work of reconciling a host of races with conflicting interests, but also of so allaying antagonisms as to preserve the loyalty of a great number of people with very strong race affiliations outside the borders of the Empire.

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This week is memorable by reason of two college commemorations. We shall give our readers in the next issue a full account of the exercises in connection with the centenary of Williams College. Cornell University has just celebrated the close of its first quarter of a century, and may justly be proud of a history so full of achievement of the most positive kind. It was twenty-five years ago on the 7th of October that the doors of the University were opened for the admission of the first class. In his report last week President Schurman stated that since that time the productive endowment of the University had increased from $735,000 to $6,100,000, not including the great amount invested in the twenty-eight buildings. The income of the University is a little more than one-half million dollars. Twenty-five years ago the Faculty numbered twenty-six; it now numbers more than one hundred and fifty, with about two thousand students, and with an ample equipment of books and apparatus in almost all departments. Figures of this kind never convey the real history of a university, but in the case of Cornell they may be taken as representative of that scholarly progress and substantial growth which are the highest fruits of the highest educational work. The University has special reason to rejoice in the fact that in its recently elected President it has secured one of the most promising and capable men among the younger academic workers.

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The America's Cup will remain in the United States for at least another year. The "drifting-match" of the first day's attempt at an international yacht-race between the American Vigilant and Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie was followed by a victory of the American sloop on Saturday in light winds over a course to leeward and return, while on Monday the Vigilant scored a much more decided triumph over a triangular course. In this second race the conditions of wind and water were all that could be desired, and the superior qualities of the American sloop were shown in almost every point of sailing. The victory is one of thecenter board over the keel yacht, and of American over English yacht-designing. The Valkyrie is generally considered the best boat ever sent over here to compete for the cup won by the America and held by our yachtsmen after many contests. The public interest in the race has been extraordinary; the newspapers have devoted more space to it than to almost all other news matter put together; crowds have watched for the result before bulletin-boards; several scores of steamboats, ranging in size from the little tug to the great ocean steamship, have followed the races. Yet, with all this public excitement, we are glad to record that there has been comparatively little betting on the result, that there have been no

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charges of unfair conduct on either side, and that victors and vanquished remain on the most friendly terms, Lord Dunraven and his friends frankly admitting that they lost because their antagonists had the better boat. No sport is more invigorating, clean, and free from evil associations than yacht-sailing. An interesting article on the general subject by Mr. Charles Ledyard Norton will be found on another page.

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General News.—The attack of the fanatical Mohammedans in Morocco against the Spanish fortified town of Melilla, which was repulsed last week after severe fighting, has been renewed and again repulsed; it is said that a war of extermination is being preached by Moorish fanatics against the Spaniards.——Prince Bismarck has been brought from Kissengen to his home at Friedrichsruhe; he stood the railway journey very well, and his general health seems to be slowly improving.——Several hundred cases of cholera were reported from Palermo last week; in Bradford, England, five deaths from cholera have taken place; the steamship Russia, from Hamburg, has been quarantined at New York, as several suspicious deaths and cases of sickness occurred on her voyage.——The condition of affairs in Brazil has not changed decisively during the week; it is reported that Admiral Mello has agreed not to renew the bombardment of Rio Janeiro.——The epidemic of yellow fever at Brunswick, Ga., continues unabated, and is not likely to cease until heavy frost; the people are in great want, and contributions to aid them are earnestly solicited.——The number of lives lost in the great storm on the Gulf Coast is thought to be in the neighborhood of two thousand.——The State Board of Charities of New York has been carrying on, during the week, a careful investigation into the administration of the Elmira Reformatory.——As we go to press it is reported that Ferdinand de Lesseps is lying at the point of death; Marshal MacMahon is also so ill that his recovery is regarded as impossible.

The Reward of Larceny

The Democratic Convention in this State has nominated to the Court of Appeals Judge Isaac H. Maynard. The nomination was unanimous, those Democrats whose opposition to the nomination were well known keeping silence from prudential motives. Only one man was found brave enough to utter a ringing protest against the course of the Convention, which he did by courageously standing his ground against hisses and cries of "Put him out!" The chief defense of the nomination from Democratic sources is that Judge Maynard at a critical point in the party's history rendered it an invaluable service, and that gratitude requires some public consideration from the party for that service. The public, therefore, who are asked to unite with the Democratic party in making this consideration effectual, should recall the service which Judge Maynard rendered. The facts are briefly these: A return which the Court had decided was the true and lawful one and should be counted, and which would have given the Republican party a majority in the State Senate, had been forwarded to the Comptroller at Albany. Judge Maynard, then Deputy Attorney-General, went into the office of the Comptroller, abstracted the letter, and carried it away. Judge Maynard's defense, as embodied by himself in an open letter published at the time, was twofold: First, that the return which he abstracted from the Comptroller's office ought not to have been sent to the Comptroller, because of a stay previously granted; and, second, that he acted as attorney for his client. A committee of the Bar Association, appointed to consider and report upon the facts in the case, reported them as given above, and declared the act of which Mr. Maynard was guilty to be grand larceny in the second degree. The committee was composed almost wholly of Democrats, and their report was approved by the Bar Association, an eminently conservative and cautious and a wholly non-partisan body. The statement, sometimes carelessly made, that the Court of Appeals has since approved the action of Judge Maynard is a mistaken one. When the contested election cases came before that Court, it simply declared that in this case the Board of Canvassers could not go behind the returns, regular on their face, which were presented to them; that if there were charges of fraud they must be presented to the Senate, which body alone has jurisdiction to hear and determine such questions in cases of contested elections.

These facts ought not to require comment; and yet the acquiescence in the nomination of Mr. Maynard by men whose opposition might, we should suppose, have been counted on, makes a word of comment necessary. The first condition of an honorable and efficient judiciary is that its members should be above reproach. Party men they naturally will be; partisans, who will disregard moral principles for party ends, or even seem so to do, they never ought to be. It is of vital importance that every judge on the bench of the Court of Appeals should have the respect and confidence of all the people of the State. If to the Republicans, who uniformly condemn Judge Maynard's course, be added those Democrats who either openly condemn it or with difficulty find apology or excuse for it, it is safe to say that Judge Maynard has not the respect and confidence of even a majority of the people of the State. If this were all, it would be sufficient to condemn the nomination. But it is not all. The Democratic party proposes to put on the bench of the Court of Appeals a man who, after an investigation of the facts by a committee chiefly constituted of members of his own party, has been declared guilty of grand larceny by the Bar Association. Nor is this all. The people are asked to give this man judicial office because he has perpetrated an act which that Association defines as grand larceny. The nomination is an insult to the moral sense of the State. Every paper that cares more for judicial purity than for party triumph should give its readers the facts in this case. Every voter should see to it that his vote helps to stamp with public execration this entire dishonorable proceeding. Grand larceny for party ends was declared justifiable by Governor Flower when he appointed Mr. Maynard to the Court of Appeals; again declared justifiable by the Democratic majority when a legislative committee approved his course; again declared justifiable by the Democratic Convention when it nominated Judge Maynard last week. The people are now asked to declare it justifiable by rewarding grand larceny with a seat on the bench.

The Personnel of State Conventions

A cheering picture of American political life is presented by the New York "Sun" in its description of the Saratoga Convention and its editorial comments thereon. The comments may be given first, and are, briefly, as follows:

"The ticket nominated yesterday at Saratoga is the ticket of the Democratic party in the greatest Democratic State in the Union. No machine was ever invented in politics that could stifle or misrepresent

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the will of a majority of the members of a great party. The first requisite for political leadership in the Democratic organization is the consent of the led. The leaders of to-day lead with the consent of the led. They are leaders because they possess the admiration and confidence of an overwhelming majority of the Democrats of New York."

The Convention which called forth this rhapsody upon triumphant Democracy is described in the news columns of the same issue of the "Sun" after this fashion:

"One feature of Convention life here—and it is the same in all political Conventions in this State—is the glimpse it affords of last century life and conditions. It is a peculiar fact that the politicians have not developed as other men have. Their eccentricities would not have attracted much attention eighty or a hundred years ago, when men drank more and more openly, when they swore more generally, and when, in parts of the country, they gambled as frankly as they ate their meals; but to see a vast crowd in these days airing their weaknesses openly is an interesting and a strange sight. To-night, for instance, a large club of well-dressed men, in silk hats and broadcloth, marched down the main street and into a saloon to get their whistles wet. They formed ranks, got out their brass band, assembled at least 15,000 spectators to watch what they supposed was going to be a parade, and then, after two blocks of marching, filed into a gin-mill with shouting and yelling and laughter. Next door to that saloon was a typical, wide-open gambling-hell, just such as one sees in Denver or Butte City. The politicians packed this hell, and found, in addition to faro, red-and-black, and roulette, a brand-new invention of the devil called the bookmaker's game. The politicians bucked that tiger so enthusiastically that the place was crowded all day and night. So it was at Chicago and Minneapolis last year, and so it is wherever any politicians assemble. This is true only of the rank and file. The leaders who have forced their way to the top of each heap are steadier and wiser men. They don't drink too much, and if they gamble no one knows it. As a rule, however, they are as profane as the understrappers."

This picture has its hopeful side. Not only is there always a grim satisfaction in knowing that things can get no worse, but reforms break out when conditions become intolerable. The reform which such conditions advocate with irresistible force is the transfer of political power from the "representatives" of the people to the people themselves. It has already been demonstrated that the power to license the liquor traffic must be taken from the Excise Boards and given to the people, if the cause of temperance is to be advanced. It has already been demonstrated that the power to grant municipal franchises must be taken from Common Councils and given to the people, if bribery and extortion are to be put down. The belief that is now gaining headway is that all great public questions must be submitted directly to the public, if they are to be settled in the interests of the public.

Shall We Burn Criminals?

Two articles in the October "Forum" will attract general attention, and will deserve it. They are the two articles on the Negro Question, by Bishop Haygood and Charles H. Smith. Their immediate text is the apparent increase of crime among the negroes in the South, and the frequent and horrible lynchings which have accompanied that crime.

In one respect we find ourselves in entire accord with Mr. Smith. "Seven millions of negroes are face to face with fifteen million whites. How much longer can they live in harmony? It is a more vital question than silver or gold or the tariff." We also suppose that indubitably there is an increase of crime, and especially of a certain class of crimes, among the negroes. And if Mr. Smith were to substitute the word "many" for the word "most" in the following sentence, we should be able to agree with him in that also: "To most negroes neither jails nor chain-gangs have any great terrors, for in both they can eat and sleep, and the records show eight per cent. of the convicts serving a second term." This is, however, a very small per cent. The average of repeaters in most prisons is nearer fifty per cent.

But history has established nothing more clearly than that revenge, whether it be by individuals or by communities, is no remedy for crime. Lynchings, burnings, torturings, neither restrain from crime nor cure it. When punishments are vengeful, crime increases; when punishments are reformatory, crime decreases. It ought not to be necessary for Americans to rewrite the horrible pages of mediæval history in order to learn that lesson. The spirit that justifies vengeance is the spirit that promotes crime. This is an axiom in morals verified by history. Whatever the remedy for negro crime may be, it is not "a separate code enacted that will fit him" (the negro), based on the doctrine that "corporal punishment is the only kind that has ever reformed him." And certainly it is not substituting an infuriated mob as tribunal for the courts of justice, or introducing upon American soil torture and the stake.

If the laws for the protection of womanhood are not stringent enough, they should be made more stringent. If the courts are not prompt and vigorous enough in executing them, prompter and more vigorous courts should be put in their place. A single criminal arrested, tried, convicted, and hanged, by due process of law, for rape, would do more to check this horrible crime than a score of lynchings. Lynchings promote and stimulate it. For vengeance always breeds brutality.

But the South must seek elsewhere both for the causes and the remedies of negro lawlessness. Southerners must themselves take up the work of negro education, and give it their sympathy and support. Then they can also give it direction. They can incorporate ethical teachings in their public schools. They can educate negro preachers to understand the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. They can gradually substitute an ethical religion for an unethical emotionalism in the negro churches. If many negroes in the South are brutes, the South must remember that slavery imported brutes from Africa, and slavery kept them brutal. We have tried for a century Mr. Smith's remedy—little education, exclusion from all but manual labor, and corporal punishments. We are getting the results of this method. It is time to change it: to treat the negro as a man; to give him all the education he will receive; to open the door to all industries that he can perform; to give him the rewards we give white men when he does well, and to punish him as we punish white men when he does ill.

The remedy for crime is not vengeance, but justice.

Coddling Our Prejudices

It is a very uncommon thing to hear people defend the right to entertain prejudices, but it is an extremely common thing to find people who not only refuse to give up their prejudices, but take positive pleasure in fostering and expressing them. It is a great deal easier, in certain stages of development, to discover the faults than to recognize the virtues in other people. Dispassionateness is not innate with most people; it must be developed. It is the fine fruit of self-education, and as such it is by no means easy of acquirement. To look at people from whom we differ, or, what is still more trying, who differ from us, with clear and unprejudiced eyes, and judge them by dispassionate intelligence, is to achieve a victory over our-

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selves. It is far easier to go through the world believing in our own infallibility and doubting the sincerity, the wisdom, and the good feeling of everybody who differs from us. The "jingo" spirit is not only continually present in national politics, but in personal affairs. Let there be the slightest misunderstanding with England, and there are people in this country who are for war at once, without waiting to find out whether any affront has been intended. They are against everything English, and they like nothing better than an opportunity of expressing their prejudices. "Jingoism" is always shallow and vulgar, but it is at times extremely popular; and it is only as we train ourselves thoroughly away from barbarism, with its insular notions and its ignorant self-complacency, that we free ourselves completely from its thralldom. In the same way our self-love is ready on every provocation to assert itself, and the fact that somebody differs with us in opinion or from our standpoint we are quick to resent, instead of recognizing it as simply another, and, for the other person, a better, way of doing things. It is only when we come to a clear consciousness of our fallibility, of the fragmentariness of each individual life, and of the range and scope of life, that we are ready to give up our prejudices and to accord to others generously the same privilege which we take for ourselves—the privilege of thinking, acting, living, and believing as we choose.

Concerning Theosophy

Mrs. Besant gives in another column an account of Theosophy. We have asked her for this contribution, not because we share her admiration for this Oriental philosophy, but because we wish our readers to get from The Outlook the best obtainable interpretations of all intellectual and spiritual movements which interest and influence the public, and because Theosophy is such a movement. That some of the conceptions embodied in Theosophy are very ancient is undoubtedly true; but unprejudiced scholarship will hardly agree with Mrs. Besant in regarding it as the mother of all other religions. This question is not, however, important, since error is not rendered venerable by age, nor is truth discredited because it is recently discovered. The question for the sincere seeker after truth is not, How old is Theosophy? but, What truth, if any, does it contain? As believers in that Christianity, faith in which Mrs. Besant regards as "an attenuated belief in the spiritual life," we can ask of those who are fascinated by this modernized form of an Oriental speculation nothing more than that they should put Christian faith and Theosophic philosophy side by side, and choose between them.

Theosophy, defined in plain Anglo-Saxon prose, stripped of the imaginative and mystical language in which Mrs. Besant has clothed it, may be epitomized as follows:

There is an infinite, eternal All-being, of whose unknown essence all phenomena are but temporal manifestations. All such manifestations are made, of necessity, in and through matter, which exists in various forms of grossness. Man is an emanation from the All-being, the universal essence, and is mated to matter in its grosser forms. He passes through various stages of existence in a process of self-purification, and when the process is completed he returns to the All-being again, and is merged, lost, swallowed up once more in the universal essence. This is certainly not a new philosophy; is it any better for being old?

Some corollaries necessarily follow from this philosophy, though Mrs. Besant does not clearly state them. Her space, it must be remembered, was limited. We supply the omission.

God is not a wise, loving, care-taking Father: he is (or should we say It is?) "an eternal essence of being, limitless, incognizable."

The babe is not a new soul—pure, innocent, fresh from the hand of God. He is a little old man, with all the errors, vices, crimes, of a previous unremembered life wrought into his astral body—a stained and guilty creature.

Death is not translation to some unknown sphere, where infinite mercy employs new methods and furnishes new possibilities: it is a return to the old battle-field, hampered by all the failures of the past and uninspired by any consciousness of past victories.

The soul is not an individual, with independent power of thought, feeling, will: it is but part of the infinite All-being, and the final issue of all its experiences of conflict and sorrow is to be swallowed up in the All-being.

Life is no true development: it is a cycle; it finishes its course by returning to its starting-point. The cynical author of Ecclesiastes was a Theosophist: "All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full: unto the place from whence the rivers came, thither they return again."

By the side of this Theosophy we put the Christian faith, also in plain Anglo-Saxon prose, stripped of all imagination and mysticism.

God—the All-Father, a being who lives and loves, who thinks and feels, who wills and acts. The babe—a new creation, with dormant power also to think and feel and will and act; innocent—that is, free from taint of sin; to be brought into virtue—that is, victory over sin; by the only conceivably possible method, temptation—that is, conflict with sin. In that conflict the solicitous care of the All-Father over and about him, strengthening him when he needs to be strengthened, throwing him upon himself when he needs self-reliance, guiding, guarding, inspiring, but always respecting that citadel of manhood, the liberty of choice, whether it be for good or for evil. The Christ—revealing man to himself, revealing God to man, the type and prophecy of that incarnation which will be completed only when all humanity, by victory over evil, becomes the "well-beloved Son of God." Death—a transition to a sphere where the divine mercy which endureth forever will put forth new powers and bring new hopes to the struggling and the discouraged. Destruction of individuality—not in union with God, but only in final and hopeless separation from him. Final victory—eternal life, a perfect manhood, an immortal child of God, thinking God's thoughts, sharing God's love, willing as God wills, one with him, but never lost, swallowed up, absorbed—no! preserving eternally that divine individuality which it has been the very purpose of God by the discipline of life to create.

Theosophy is a natural and not altogether unhealthy reaction against the materialism which a quarter of a century ago fascinated the unwary by its simplicity. We venture to prophesy that for the sober-minded Anglo-Saxon race the fascination of Theosophy will prove shorter-lived even than that of the philosophy which it seeks to displace. Christian faith has nothing to fear from it. Theosophy offers an explanation of the origin of evil, in its theory of reincarnations, but proffers no remedy; Christianity proffers a remedy for evil, in its history of the one Incarnation, but offers no explanation of its origin. The world will prefer remedy to explanation; certainly will prefer a remedy which history has proved to be efficacious, rather than an explanation with no other verification than that of a mystical imagination.

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What Theosophy Is

By Annie Besant

IN a century that boasts so much of what is new, amid nations that ever seek some fresh discovery, it may seem as though a view of life dating from the hoariest antiquity would have but little chance of welcome, would find but scant approval. Theosophy is the oldest of all archaic teachings; its name counts but some fifteen centuries, but the thing covered by the name antedates the most ancient of the nations known to Western man. In Hindûstan they called it Brahmâ Vidyâ, knowledge of Brahmâ, the Divine; Atmâ Vidyâ, knowledge of the soul; Guptâ Vidyâ, the secret knowledge. It was old when, five thousand years ago, Shrî Krishna taught it as his kingliest mystery to his beloved disciple Arjuna, on the plain of the Kurus. It lies at the root of Brâhmanism, the stately religion of India; in the heart of Buddhism; from it have sprung all great religions, their unity being shown by the identity of their philosophical concepts, their ethical teachings, their history-veiling legends. To-day it is freshly promulgated in order that it may reinvigorate the attenuated belief in the spiritual life that Christendom has preserved, and make that belief once more a living force that may triumph over materialistic luxury and materialistic science. It not only affirms but it demonstrates the reality of the spiritual life, transferring the soul from the realm of faith to the realm of knowledge, and enabling the patient and devoted student to enter on a path the goal of which is, in very truth, the vision of the Divine.

The Esoteric Philosophy—to give it its commonest name—postulates an eternal essence of being, limitless, incognizable, from which arises manifestation, the breathing forth of a universe, thought taking form; in it the root of spirit and of matter, the dual aspect of the one eternal substance, a duality inseparable from manifested existence. This manifested existence is found in the present universe to be evolved through seven distinct stages of being—states of consciousness regarded as spiritual, planes of differentiated forms regarded as material. Each of these seven gradations has its own spiritual forces, its own material forms, entities of which one pole is spirit, the other matter; these poles being present in each, as the positive and negative poles of a magnet. There is no entity that is pure spirit; there is no entity that is pure matter; one or other aspect may predominate, but both must be present. On the highest plane matter has its subtlest, its most sublimated form; on the lowest plane spirit has its most restricted and confined energy: but they are indivisible, their union indissoluble throughout the whole of the present cycle of evolution. These seven planes can be investigated, lived in, by perfected men, so that their existence becomes a matter of knowledge, and is subject to continual reverification as new students advance to proficiency in the spiritual life; for to the eye of spirit "Nature has no veil in all her kingdoms," and human consciousness is capable of working on each of these planes of being, and of transferring itself without breach of continuity from one plane to another. Those perfected men who have achieved this power are called Adepts, Mahâtmâs, Masters, and so on. They are men who have quickened the slow processes of natural evolution by strenuous efforts, resolute will, long-continued and loving self-abnegation; they have done swiftly what the race is doing slowly, and, as the Elder Brothers of Humanity, they labor ever still for human progress, holding in trust for the race all they have attained, teaching those who have already progressed sufficiently far to profit by their instructions, ever watching to take advantage of every opportunity by which a human soul may be helped forward to the light.

The possibility of such evolution and of such conscious living and working on all planes of the universe lies in the fact that man is the mirror, or the miniature image, of the cosmos. Its septenary division answers to his own sevenfold constitution, and each aspect of consciousness in the whole finds its response in a corresponding aspect of consciousness in the part. Thus man's physical body brings him into contact with the physical universe; his astral body with the astral world; his life-energies with the life-energies of cosmos; his animal tendencies and passional nature with the passional region of the All; his mind with the mind of the Divine; his spiritual soul with the lofty spiritual consciousness in nature; his spirit with the realm of pure spirit, illimitable, ineffable.

The possibility of consciousness transcending physical conditions is now so thoroughly established that it is scarcely worth while to offer arguments in proof thereof to educated and thoughtful persons. In the mesmeric trance and in many allied conditions consciousness escapes from the bondage of physical matter and manifests powers and capacities loftier and more piercing than those of normal life. Clairvoyance, clairaudience, are among its most familiar demonstrations, and the evidence is here so abundant as to be within the easy reach of every student. These phenomena belong, for the most part, to the astral world, in its various sub-stages and higher and lower regions. Manifestations of great genius, on the other hand, are the successful attempts of consciousness on the higher mental plane to impress itself on the lower, and some analyses of their own experiences from the pens of such men as Mozart and Tennyson suggest lines of corroborative testimony to the truth of Theosophic teachings on this head. Serious students of Occultism learn methods of training which gradually evolve the power of thus passing from plane to plane at will, and thus accumulate experience which adds to the wealth and variety of the ever-increasing store of evidence to the reality of these superphysical states.

What is done by the student deliberately after he has reached a certain stage of development is done for him in the earlier stages, and normally for all humanity, by the process of reincarnation. Reincarnation is the successive inhabiting of body after body by the spiritual Ego, the higher nature of man. This Ego, the true "I," is eternal, alike ingenerable and indestructible, springing from the divine source, a spark individualized from the flame of the divine life. Dwelling in the man of flesh, its true consciousness masked and unable to manifest itself through the gross covering that envelops it, it gathers the teachings of experience, the lessons of earthly life. Then, passing through the gateway of death to the higher states of consciousness, it gradually shakes off its garments worn in earthly life, and, as pure soul clad in form of ethereal texture, it dwells awhile apart from the turmoil of earth, assimilating the experience it has gathered, and thus formulating the capacities which, on its return to earth, will appear as innate characteristics. Thus each succeeding life is molded by the lives that went before it, and the experienced, often-incarnated Ego brings with him to his new life-lesson all that he has been able to build into his own spiritual nature from the experiences of his past. Slowly, after this fashion, is builded up evolving man, the rate of his progress depending on the means he takes to insure it. Hence the differences between the mental and moral capacities of men—the inborn virtues of the one, the inborn vices of the other. As we live in one life we are born into another, and we continually reap the ears that have sprung from the seed we sowed. "Man is the master of his own destiny," and he can make or mar as he will and as he knows. For this reason is knowledge of such vast importance, and man's ignorance is the greatest foe of his upward progress.

The conception of man as a spiritual being, sprung from one divine source, passing through a common evolution, trained by the one method of reincarnation, traveling towards the single goal of spiritual perfection—all this

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tends to lay deep and sure the basis for the Universal Brotherhood of man. We cannot despise, for mere outward differences of rank and wealth and culture, the brother souls that started with us on the long pilgrimage, that have lived with us, worked with us, suffered with us, through countless æons. We have all been poor and rich so many times, so often lofty and so often low in social rank, so often learned and ignorant, so often wise and foolish—how should we despise each other in any one brief stage of our long pilgrimage? Brotherhood becomes so patent as a fact in nature that it inevitably works itself into our lives as a living truth, and further study of minuter truths only makes more definite and more complete our recognition of this sublime and potent verity.

In a brief article such as this nothing more can be done than give barest outlines of great teachings—poor presentment of richest store. But those who study shall find satisfaction; those who patiently seek the light shall behold it; and that great Science of the Soul, which is the trunk whence the religions of the elder world have sprung, shall serve once more as stem wherefrom shall branch out the more glorious religions of the centuries that lie before humanity.[1]

Chestnutting Time

By Richard Burton

I live on the edge of a forest of oak and maple, hickory, beech, and chestnut trees. Just now it is mid-October, and who shall say how beautiful and mournfully splendid the look of the forest is? The elms are a somber yellow, harmonic with the sunset; the oaks show here and there a fine purple coronal, while the maples have flushed all conceivable gradations of crimson and orange. The mottled boles of the beeches gleam all the whiter beneath their crown of dark winy foliage. And then what a superb carpet the fast down-falling brown-red leaves make, through which you rustle as a boat plows through resilient seas, your ruthless feet revealing the wide-mouth burrs spilled of their treasure of rich, glossy brown nuts, and the acorns wondrous-hooded and of a color that gives a never-ceasing delight to the perceptive eye. These chestnuts and acorns lying under this wealth of autumn leaves seem a part of my buried youth; a careless thrust with a maple-branch, and I know not what of old-time sweetness and freshness is open to the sight, to the reminiscent imagination.

Boys haunt this wood as crows a corn-field. Almost with the light they come, and in the dusk of evening I still can see their shadowy forms flitting in and out among the reverend gray boles, as once the Indians, fain for fiercer plunder. They bring baskets, pails, and capacious white bags, and, stick in hand, they beat about beneath the trees or heave rocks up into the topmost boughs. The sound of their probing wands, the scurry of their light feet when there has been a big windfall under some pregnant monarch of the wood, the vibrant treble of their voices, float in to my study window where I sit and pleasure me in their joy, whence I catch a dozen vistas down the forest, each more ravishing than the other, all luring me to have done with formal pen and paper and to be a boy again under the tree-tents, with the rest of the blithesome company. With every wind-puff how the leafage flutters and falls, now in struggling bands, now in bewildering cohorts of red and bronze, somber brown and keen vermilion dyes! And how soon, how over-soon, they will assume the universal tan-tint of the shed leaves, forming another warp in the great low-toned, quiet, wonder-woven rug of Nature! Who could to this prefer the product of the looms of Bokhara or Daghestan?

Warmly as I welcome the lads and lassies (for there be little winsome girls among them too) whose quarry is the sleek, silver-touched brown nuts, it likes me not that they have frighted off those more wonted denizens of the woods, the squirrels. Unmolested by shot or stone for fifty years on end, it is their habit to sport here as in a large playground dedicate to them and their uses forever. Gray or brown, big or diminutive, they perch upon branches, and, with pretty, graceful tails curled deftly up their backs, nibble vigorously at the delectable forest-fruit, or run with wondrous skill and agility from limb to limb, from tree to tree, stopping anon to chatter fiercely in some aery quarrel or on some weighty question of brute etiquette that seeks solution; or, again, they fleet lissomely along the earth, scared not a whit by the nearness of a human being six feet off, having learned by immemorial custom that they will enjoy immunity from molestation. Verily, *experientia docet*, among beastkind even as with men. But now, I say, never a squirrel is to be seen: the barbaric invasion of the boys—like Goths come down upon a sort of meek sylvan Romans—has had the result of scattering them as if by magic. Are they in their holes, I wonder, or, after the manner of the birds, have they betaken them to other haunts where savage beings with sticks and stones and strident cries are not, and where, with only the sough of the wind, the distant call of the crow, and the *pat-pat* of dropping chestnuts, they may resume their innocent duties and pleasures? It is my hope and belief that their hegira is but for the nonce; that some November morning, when the chestnuts are all gone and the children with them, I shall hear their welcome squeak outside my window, and the echo-sound of their feet whisking among the trees.

One of my keenest visual pleasures nowadays is the sight of the mellow haze that hangs in the wood and over the open, due to the ubiquitous bonfires of this fall season. Everywhere, in fields, in private grounds, in the city thoroughfares themselves, one beholds men plying the rake and gathering into huge piles the recusant autumn leaves, in order to the making of innumerable funeral-fires to the dead summer. The incense-smoke from these pyres rises, drifts, and disseminates itself far and wide, until it is hard to say if it be not the Indian-summer haze one looks upon. But no; in these brown heaps, so sensitive to the passing whiff of air, is to be found the sole cause of this widespread, vague, vast, suggestive gray creature of the lower air. Nor is it pleasure visual alone that is thus born; a good half of it comes of the pungent, odorous smell of this innocent, benefic burning. It is a subtile fragrance, strong yet delicate, all-pervasive yet unobtrusive. It is full of memories and of dreams, felt as part of the general autumnal atmosphere rather than as a superadded and distinct phenomenon. It is to the nostrils what the yellow of the trees, the brown of the herbage, the mist-mantles of the hills, are to the eye; merged together and become corporate in the memory and imagination, all these external marks and mood-signs of October become a blend of beauty and a joy that is more of the soul than of the senses. Nowhere is the smoke-sprite so mystically elusive and suggestive as under the forest-trees. Like Druid priests do the stately gray trunks rise, and one looks here and there for the sacrificial stone and the fire of immolation to explain this soft, diaphanous haze-veil blown slantwise from the burning piles of leaves.

There is a single great silent pine-tree in the midst of its brighter brethren, reminding, with its hardy annual blotch of green, of the summer gone and the winter yet to be. Tall, stately, it rises, with spreading branches, with its tint of the sea-under-sunlight; while below, its brown needles mix with the leaves harmoniously and make a softer footing to one who walks beneath. What a fine contrast, the pine, with the cheerfuler-mooded trees! To my fancy this somber growth has always been a Norse chief brooding on the fells and fiords of his native land, or perhaps recalling some viking raid or hall revel when the beer is plenty and above the bass of warrior voices is uplift the clear treble of the harper's song. The lighter-leaved forest-trees are like warmer-blooded and more volatile Romance folk, changing with the changing season and impressionable from tip-top branch to very root. The vocal tones given forth by the pine are other than those of the summer-blooming trees. Is it imagination that there is a deeper, solemner sough in the sound of the wind as it wanders through these closer-growing branches than in the aery

[1] All information touching the Theosophical Society may be obtained from William R. Judge, the General Secretary, 144 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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rustle and crinkle or soft susurrus which the breeze draws from maple, poplar, or elm as it moves sportively among their topmost foliations? I am not sure, but I know that my noble pine, with its aloofness and its faithful green, strikes a rich and strongly personal note in this symphony of forest leaves and limbs.

Very soon—ah, too soon!—chestnut-time, with all its sights, memories, and charms, will have passed into the bleaker, barer November. Last night was almost winter-bitter, and this morning, although never a puff of air is abroad, but all is clear and still and keen with cold, the leaves are falling by twos and threes and twenties, with a distinct, almost metallic sound, and the branches will be stripped ere we are aware. There was a white frost overnight, and to-day the silvery gleam on the underlying red-brown mass of leaves is enchanting, seen in the fresh-pouring sunlight from the east. It blends in with the green of the grass, too, in an exquisite, ineffable agreement of tint and tone. Pick up one of the curled fronds, crisp with frostiness, and you shall find it a wonder of beauty, a bit of silver-tipped, diamond-pointed brown velvet. And look! the nasturtiums in the garden droop their heads; for the first time they are notified of the coming of a grimmer time and tide. A writ of eviction has been served on them, and on all the several flowers high-hearted enough to hold their own so late into the year.

As I walk to-day in the wood, and draw the sparkling winy air deep down into my lungs, and watch the clear-cut lines of the hills, now plainlier viewed because of the thinning forest verdure, I hardly regret this transition to the wailing winds and sere scenes of the later autumn. I know that, after all, each season is good in its kind, if only it be studied in sympathy and met with love, courage, and a pure and trusting spirit.

European Parliaments

By Edmund Kimball Alden

Every two years a new Congress meets in Washington; a Speaker is chosen; committees are selected; and the work of legislation goes on during regular sessions, and occasionally through an extra session, until the stroke of noon of March 4th in each uneven year rings down that Congress's good deeds and iniquities; and in due time its successor, already elected, recommences the familiar round. And whether the President is of the same or of the opposite political party, Congress pursues its own course. And whether public sentiment on some great question has changed or not since the Congressional election, the House lives its allotted life. Earthquakes, foreign wars, cataclysms of any conceivable kind, cannot stop our executive and legislative machinery when it is once started. But abroad all is different. If the ever-watchful Russian bear should pounce upon Herat, and if the Gladstone Cabinet should hesitate to take extremely virile steps, and if twenty disaffected Liberals should vote with the Conservatives—and all these ifs are possible at any moment—then we should see a new party and policy in authority, both in the ministry and in legislation, or else a general election, with "our colonial empire" defended on every platform from Shetland to Cornwall. Now, publicists have agreed to designate our system of government as the Congressional, and the British system as the Parliamentary; convenient terms, although all civilized administrations cannot always be labeled by one or the other appellation. While it would be impossible in this space to form even a bird's-eye view of all the European parliaments, we can glance at a few of the more impressive and typical bodies.

Wedged in a room which can hardly contain comfortably three-fourths of their number, sit, with their hats on, the six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons. Should we take no thought of the vast interests which may hang on an evening's session, interests reaching out perhaps beyond the Channel to the ends of the earth, affecting possibly the world's commerce or finance, we must at least stand in awe of the antiquity of this august assemblage. It was already old when gunpowder and printing were coming into vogue; it was a hoary-headed veteran when Plymouth and New Amsterdam were settled. And the modern representatives of Montfort, Hampden, Pitt, and Burke conduct themselves, on the whole, not unworthily of their House's great past; though, alas! as the "Saturday Review" and "Times" would express it, "American methods" are entering with the growth of democracy, and a few weeks ago the business of the realm was suspended while a series of sparring-matches was held on the floor. Large landowners are in abundance; so are the sons of noblemen; there are, as with us, many merchants, manufacturers, bankers, lawyers, some editors and professional men; while labor reformers and devotees of a "fad" contribute to the variety. The leading debater for the Government is an authority on jurisprudence; his chief antagonist is a specialist on metaphysics and golf-playing; a prominent member of the Ministry and conspicuous figure in debate is a scholarly writer on history and biography; one of his colleagues has achieved world-wide distinction by his works on politics and mediæval history; another, a free lance, is probably the ablest living civilian critic on military matters; and the venerable Premier has, as the university professors say, the whole course of British legislation for his major subject, with Greek literature and theological science for his minor courses.

These champions are arrayed in two great masses—the supporters of the Government and the Opposition. There is no need to point out here the significance of the term "The Government," the interdependence of the delicate machinery of the two branches, executive and legislative. These facts are well known—how the finance Minister prepares his budget and explains it to hundreds of critics; how a Foreign, Home, or Colonial Secretary conducts his department in Downing Street and defends his proceeding in the evening session. Of intrigues for the Speakership, such as our Congressmen enjoy, there is no trace; of solid work in committee there is a great deal; running debates, set speeches, and bores exist as on this side of the Atlantic.

Allowing for racial and historic differences, we may make our description of the House of Commons serve as an outline for a sketch of most of the second houses on the Continent; though compared with it these are but of yesterday. They have grown up since the stirring days of the French Revolution. But in many essentials the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, Madrid, Brussels, or Rome, the Folkething at Copenhagen, or the Second Chamber at Stockholm or the Hague, will remind one of the powerful assembly by the Thames. National peculiarities of course appear in this as in other fields; the hot-blooded Gaul or Roman does not always preserve an impassive demeanor in the debates by the Seine or on Monte Citorio. But a Floquet, Crispi, or Canovas del Castillo must be sensitive to the changes in the temper of the house; if squalls occur, he must be prepared to shorten sail with as great celerity as the Queen's Prime Minister himself. It is this second or lower chamber, be it noted, which almost invariably controls the purse-strings of the nation. Its neighbor at the other end of the hall parades a more imposing array of titles, and often serves to check its plebeian and humbler brother. But when a vital question arises, what cares the historical student or the general reader for the proceedings of the French or Italian Senate, the Austrian Herrenhaus, or the British House of Lords?—the political doctor is concerned with the "pulse of the lower house." And to ourselves, who follow with equal attention the operations in both halls of Congress, this relative importance of the European chambers is striking.

The upper houses are, however, by no means deficient in attractions. They are generally smaller than their associates, and are much more exclusive in composition; for either the hereditary principle prevails, or nominees of the Crown fill the ranks, or membership is restricted by high property qualifications; or sometimes the various methods are united in forming the assemblage of "potent, grave, and reverend signiors," and we see such heterogeneous collections as the Hungarian House of Magnates, with heredi-

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tary and life peers, Greek and Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops, Protestant delegates, archdukes, and, *ex officio*, judges and high dignitaries. Combined, the two houses of a country constitute the legislative branch, bearing often a name more familiar to the cisatlantic reader than either one alone. Thus the two chambers of Spain form the Cortes; the Austrian houses together are called the Reichsrath; the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies are collectively the National Assembly; the two legislative bodies of the Netherlands are known as the States-General. But the separate chambers seem like the units of interest, and we often refer to the proceedings of "Parliament" when we ought in strictness to say "Commons" or "Deputies." In one case the two houses are literally the offspring of the united legislature; when the Norwegian Storthing, 114 members strong, meets at Christiania, it resolves itself into two unequal parts—one-fourth forms the Lagthing or Upper House, the remaining three-fourths become the Odelsthing.

Allusion has been made to the phrases the "Government" and the "Opposition," but sometimes it is hard to tell what the "Opposition" really is, or, for that matter, the "Government." In Westminster the two great confronting parties are easily recognized; and even the presence of a small third force—Peelites, Parnellites, or what not—does not seriously complicate things for an observer. But what are we to do in the Reichstag at Berlin, with its Center, National Liberal, Conservative, Anti-Semite, Agrarian Conservative, Alsatian, Pole, Guelph, Radical, Social Democrat party, and half a dozen combinations of the preceding, not to mention the *Wilde*—independents (or German Mugwumps); or in the lobbies of the Corps Législatif, where one may encounter Opportunist Republicans, Monarchists, Radicals, Revisionists, Bonapartists, Socialists, and "Ralliés" Conservatives. There is a partial clue to most of these tangled mazes; and it goes back to the French Revolution. In those days the Monarchists were on the right of the presiding officer, hence they formed the Right; the radicals, the Jacobins, were the Left, and the more violent constituted the Extreme Left; the moderates and wavering members made up the Center. So, in later times, on the Continent there has been a tendency to designate a conservative faction as a Right, and a radical or progressive faction as a Left; and various gradations, as Left Center or Extreme Right, appear. Thus we can group loosely all the adherents of a republic in France as a vast and unwieldy Left; all its opponents as a Right. Again, in the Reichstag, we could place Conservatives and other supporters of imperialistic ideas in a Right, and assign Social Democrats, Radicals, and other anti-Government groups to the Left; while the so-called Ultramontane "Center," and remnant of the formerly great National Liberal party, would occupy the Center, and we should expect to find them vacillating between Right and Left, as in fact they do. It may happen, nevertheless, as in Italy and Spain at present, that between the larger parties there is little difference of principle—when the names Liberal, Conservative, Left, Right, lose most of their significance.

Then there are the little Parliaments. Without speaking of the minor *landtags* of the petty German States, we should cast our eyes on the southeastern corner of Europe, where the lately enfranchised subjects of the Sublime Porte have entered into housekeeping for themselves. Perhaps one recalls the *boulé* or popular assembly of the old Greek city-states. The modern Kingdom of Greece under its constitutional régime has a *boulé*. The rivals Bulgaria and Servia have also their unicameral legislatures, a *Sobranjé* and a *Skupshtina* respectively. And of course they enjoy budgets, Radicals, and "grave parliamentary crises." Even most of the tiny States that have escaped absorption and linger on in corners of Europe, like Montenegro and Andorra, have a sort of miniature Parliament. And Switzerland is blessed with assemblies; but not on the normal or British model. Her Federal Council of States and National Council are as near to the Congressional as to the Parliamentary type. Her sovereign cantons have each a law-making body, either a cantonal legislature or a gigantic town-meeting in the open air; and the whole mass of citizens can take a hand directly in legislation, with their "referendum" on enacted laws and their "initiative" on projected measures.

In one great country the Asiatic style still obtains. No Parliament ever meets in Russia; and the shadows of absolutism have within the last few years settled down more thickly over the local councils. But, as if to make amends, Europe has, in a parliamentary point of view, invaded Asia, even extreme Asia; for the last three years Japan has enjoyed the privilege of possessing a brand-new Imperial Diet, ready-made Peers and all, but with priests, military and naval officers, and various officials excluded, according to improved ideas of law-making. And signs are not wanting that before many decades Russia, with or without the abolition of monarchy, will join the ranks of the constitutional powers.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

REINOUT II.

A livery servant of Count Rexelaer's, with heavy fur collar and orange cockade, stood in lonely grandeur on the little Deynum platform, under the glimmering oil-lamp. Two carriages were waiting beyond, their lights radiant across the snow of the starry December night.

The whole family came bundling out of their compartment, in an avalanche of winter wraps, the parrot, the yelping lap-dogs, a couple of attendants, a chaos of baggage, animate beings, and cold. "Oh, there's John," called out Reinout. "How's my pony, John?" For he had received the promised pony from his father a couple of weeks ago.

The station-master came sidling up, with awkward curiosity, which the lord of the manor suddenly felt and resented. He hurried his wife into the foremost of the conveyances, and they drove rapidly off along the bleak country road. "The cold is unbearable," whispered the Countess, shuddering. "Oh, mamma, how can you say so! Look at the lovely softness of the snow!" The boy's eyes were dancing with excitement. "We are going to have oceans of fun. There is a lake, and when my cousins have taught me to skate, I will teach you." "Thank you," said Margherita. "Happy child, you have forgotten!"

They drove through the village presently in the soft snow-light; all was deserted and still. The Count looked towards his wife uncomfortably. The horses pattered briskly on, past the little square with its silent church, and round into the avenue of the park. "Ah!" gasped the Count.

They came out into the clearing and saw the dark mass of the Castle rise up on the other side of the water. Suddenly the bell in the tower began to ring, a pitiful call to meals, very unlike the triumphant harmony of church-bells. The horses' hoofs went clattering over the bridge and up the courtyard. The great doors were thrown open, and a flood of light poured down across two bending figures, Strum and Dievert, on the steps. Count Hilarius gave his wife a nervous hand and led her past the Steward's unnoticed "Welcome to your noble Countships" into the hall of his fathers. The place was full of people. "Ah, the tenants of course, and the villagers! Very kind, very kind," murmured the fine gentleman. The Steward came hurrying up behind him: "Hurrah for my lord the Count and his lady!" A feeble shout responded, in which Reinout's voice rang out above the rest. The lap-dogs sprang forward, barking irritably.

All eyes were fixed on the outlandish waiting-woman, with the parrot on her arm. And at her appearance the stupidest lout among the peasants realized, with terrible distinctness, that here were aliens indeed.

Margherita paused under the great stained-glass lamp.

[1] Copyright, 1893, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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"This vestibule is terribly bare," she said, in French. Strum understood her, and moved uncomfortably. And, indeed, the great panels showed only too plainly, to all but the owners of the house, where the portraits and suits of armor had been taken down. "In summer," interposed the Notary, "there are more flowers. The rest of the house is well furnished. Of course some personal—items—" The Count winced. The Countess, without heeding the speaker, had passed on into the dining-room.

"And these are all the tenants?" said Count Hilarius. He swept his hand along the crowd of staring, unemotional faces.

"As good as all, Heer Count," was the enigmatical answer.

"Ah! Well, my good people, we shall doubtless be excellent friends. This is my son, the Jonker[1] Reinout." The familiar name fell like a dead weight.

Reinout, not knowing what else to do, as his father pushed him forward, held out his hand to a couple of burly old farm-people opposite. "Good-evening," he said.

The motherly farm-wife seized the hand and grasped it warmly. "Good-evening, little Heer," she answered; "the saints preserve you!" A murmur of approval ran through the half-defiant ranks. Count Hilarius turned to go.

But Dievert detained him, dragging forward an unwilling personage, who had hitherto been trying to look invisible—Boterton, the loco-Burgomaster. "Now, then, Boterton!" Boterton's face was purple. "The Commune bids your Nobleness welcome, Heer Count," he stuttered. "In the name of the village," he added, "and the Council." After the enunciation of which profound sentiment he lapsed into silence.

And the careless walls of Deynum looked down upon this scene also.

"Oh yes," said the Count. "Who is the Burgomaster? Eh?"

"There is none, Heer Count," replied the Notary. "Not at present."

Count Hilarius flushed. "Good-night," he said. And fled.

Somehow the whole thing reminded him of—of what? Suddenly he remembered. Of the return of the Bourbon to his capital, when the enemies of his country brought him back. It was not a bit like coming home to his own.

"Laïssa," said the Countess, "I am dead with fatigue—and emotion. This, then, is the château de mes pères. It is handsome, but 'faut qu'on s'y habitue.' Ugh, what a country! Had Brazil not been discovered so late, M. le Comte's ancestors might perhaps have been Brazilian!"

"The château has come true," replied the mulatto. *She* did not love this marsh of her indwelling, "but the cards had foretold, M'am Rita, that it would lie in a land of *knaves*."

The departure from the Hague had indeed been fraught with emotions. The birds, all but Rollo, the parrot, had been left behind, their doctor refusing to sanction the journey. Margherita had wandered disconsolately from cage to cage, and taken poetical leave of them. "Adieu, Fifi. Tu dois rester ici. Et moi, je vais partir. Adieu, mon Casimir." She herself would not have traveled but for the Count's threat to receive the Rexelaers of Altena just the same, without her.

And then the terrible journey itself. At the station she had been met by a refusal to admit her poor little curled darlings into her compartment. They must be thrown into a luggage-van, plush baskets and all, there to die! The authorities were inflexible; the Countess still more so. There had been a scene on the platform, and a crowd. Laïssa had pushed over, with impassive arm, an official who happened to interpose, and the pets had been ensconced upon the carriage cushions, and Margherita, as she lay back among her furs, had hissed "Canaille!" in the station-master's face. Procès-verbal had been drawn up; the nervous, distinguished-looking gentleman had been compelled to give his name: Count Rexelaer van Deynum, a Lord of the Household!

"I will never travel with you again, Margot," Count Hilarius had declared, as the train slowly glided into motion, the spaniels, at their mistress's instigation, barking triumph against the glass. "Had you been a man," Margherita had answered, panting, "you would have beaten that cowardly dog-torturer within an inch of his life! And a pity of the inch," she added, "mais il faut bien respecter les convenances."

"And the Court?" suggested the little-souled Count, touching, in his little-souled anxiety, the one point where she would wince. "In these democratic times, such a row, with its possible consequences, may cost me my place."

"I don't care," replied the Countess, caring very much.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SILENCE

The boy, left to himself, as the crowd slowly melted away from around him, stood staring, between the marble columns, up into the darkness of the roof. He could dimly discern, emblazoned high above, the well-known lions with their shining swords. The familiar faces of the royal beasts made him feel at home immediately. He nodded to them. And then he ran to the glass front doors, and looked out.

The landscape lay before him, clear in the tremble of its snow-smitten waiting for the moon—the white courtyard, and the dull glitter of the trees beyond. Away, where the bridge was, there must be water. He wanted to find out about the skating he had promised his cousins; in another moment he was racing through the pleasant snow-sheltered air.

Reinout had never beheld the face of nature. He retained a vague, delicious recollection of the Paradise of his infancy, glorified by Margherita's never-ending regrets. The loveliness and the sensuousness of living, as felt by every beetle and by every bud, had lapped him body and soul; he had rioted in happiness, nothing to do but to breathe where every breath was heavy—sometimes too crushingly heavy—with enjoyment; his young existence voluptuously prostrate beneath the splendor of its own excess. That sun-sick dawn had left its flush upon his face and heart; the child of the equator would never freeze into a cool, white Dutchman; but there had been no intercourse with nature in the constant seclusion of awnings and shutters, the shrinking, the ceaseless protection from all that is pernicious in reptile, insect, or flower. From these climates European children come away with the light of the sun in their eyes. That is all they remember.

He was still young when they brought him to the Hague. There was an apple-tree in the garden there. It never bore any apples, and Reinout's interest in it had always been Platonic.

But now!—oh, the sudden revelation, the personal contact, which lay in that one thought: this is home. The trees, the fields, the water, these were "ours," not with the sense of proprietorship, but with the power of enjoyment. Nature, henceforth, would stand ready as a playmate; and her abode, with its fathomless treasures, would be his. What matter if at this, their first embrace, she hid behind her wintry coverlet? He could hear her laughing under it, and the gaunt trees whispered endlessly some wondrous mystery of her life.

He was wild with the prospect of the ice-sports, the sleighing, the fun with his cousins, although all these, except Topsy, were too old to play with him. Poor little fellow! He was boy enough at heart, had he but known how to show it to other boys. There was not a manly sport which he did not take to, often with a zeal far beyond his slender frame. Several times before this wonderful acquisition of the pony he had ridden away recklessly on anybody's horse. The Count was no equestrian.

He ran along the Holy Walk, by the merest chance, and presently was attracted to a faintly glimmering light in the distance. This drew him towards a little building, of which

[1] Title for unmarried sons of noblemen. Pronounced Yonker.

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the door stood ajar. He stole into the Chapel. It was dark but for the lamp at the altar.

The boy stood spellbound on the threshold. A Church, like those "at home"—Roman Catholic, therefore—but full of statues and tombs. A sudden awe came over him. Was this also a dream or a reality, this conclave of the dead in the wood? He felt terrified, and started back.

Somebody moved at the noise. Somebody else, then, was in the building. Somebody rose from his knees by the chancel and came towards Reinout—a boy like himself.

"Who are you?" asked the boy.

"Reinout van Rexelaer," replied Reinout, stoutly.

"Oh, *what* a lie!"

"Say that again!" cried Reinout, furiously. "How dare you? Who are *you?* I *am* Reinout van Rexelaer, from the Hague."

They could hardly distinguish each other in the dusk of the building.

"N-o-o-o," said the other boy, in long-drawn wonder. "You don't mean to say so. Oh my eye, what luck! This comes of praying. I say, come outside. I want to ask you something. I can't ask it here."

They went out into the night together. Said the strange boy, as soon as they were outside: "Will you fight?"

"Fight?" echoed René in amazement. "No. Why?"

"I suppose you're about as old as I am. How old are you?"

"Fourteen."

"That's all right. I'm thirteen; and I'm smaller. Now! Will you fight?"

"No," replied René, moving off.

"Ah, you're funking. Coward! And you won't fight because I'm not a jonker, like yourself."

"Won't I? Look out, then!" replied Reinout, and flew at his adversary.

They had a hard battle of it for a few moments under the shadow-shrouded trees. There was nobody to see fair play, but they managed honestly without. At the end of three minutes, however, Reinout had to give in; his antagonist had vanquished his superior sparring by brute force and by a vehemence which the taller boy was very far from feeling. The little noble was fairly licked.

"I've thrashed you!" cried his antagonist, triumphantly; "I'm glad I thrashed you." He left off pummeling René, and drew back, out of breath.

"Yes," said Reinout, wondering where his left eye was. "You have. I don't know why, I'm sure."

The other had run off. He stopped, and came back. "Remember," he cried, "I said I was glad I'd thrashed you. Be sure and remember."

"You certainly are not a jonker," Reinout could not help retorting, under this provocation. "That's not the way to end up. Here, give me your hand."

"I won't," replied Piet Poster, and scampered away.

CHAPTER XXX.

"JACK-SNAPS"

Next morning Father Bulbius drew on his stoutest boots—under Veronica's personal supervision—and marched away through the snow. "To draw on stout boots" in Dutch is to brace one's self for bold endeavor. Well, Father Bulbius drew them on and proceeded to the Castle, to pay due homage to the new Lord. The visit was not a very satisfactory one—how could it be?—in spite of Count Rexelaer's studied condescension; the good priest hung his head dejectedly as he came away.

He had heard from Dievert that the Countess had been born a Catholic. Count Hilarius deeply regretted that this had not been the case with himself; "it would have looked so much more genuine." He would have gone over, but he dreaded inquiries into the reason, and discoveries by the Baron. Better talk about Rovert van Rexelaer. Who became a Protestant, you know.

Father Bulbius shook his head at intervals all the way home. "A renegade!" he said, thinking of the Countess, who had remained invisible. "You cannot help being born of the devil, but you *can* help asking him to adopt you." And he sighed.

"Well?" said Veronica, waiting in the porch, her arms akimbo.

"You were right," replied his Reverence; "the snow is melting. It is very wet."

"But the Chapel?"

"We shall see." The Father tried to edge past her: the entrance was narrow, Veronica bony; we all know that the good Father was stout. He stuck.

"But the contract? You told him the Baron has it all in the contract?" Veronica persisted, excitedly.

"I dare say the Heer Count will do all that is right. My feet are damp, Veronica; I think that I ought to change my shoes."

"So you ought to, poor lamb!" cried Veronica, and hurried to fetch the slippers she had kept toasting before the fire. "I shall have to look sharp after that Chapel," she said to herself, "or they'll take it away from him yet."

The quiet cottage now overflowed with the heirlooms of the Rexelaers. The Father said he slept with one eye open and dreamed of tramps. Through the door he could see the plumed knights nodding in the moonlight. He had borrowed a revolver from Dievert, but he had energetically refused to borrow the bullets as well. "Do you take me for a murderer?" he had demanded, indignantly.

He had been very proud and pleased, nevertheless, when the Baron had sought admittance for his treasures on the day after the suicide. He would gladly have harbored the living Noblenesses as well as the dead ones. "Oh, not that," said the Baron. "We must never come back. We are going to live at Cleves and forget."

The deserted Castle had been bad enough; the Castle bright with unusual gayety was worse. No longer did the Father venture to creep up the avenue, as he had done daily, before the arrival of the servants and carriages, to get a melancholy peep of the lines of closed shutters. "*Crows* they call us!" he sighed.

So he kept away, and grieved, and grew more indolent than ever. He discovered that he regretted his écarté of evenings, and this discovery involved another. It was for his own sake, then, and not for the Baron's, that he had continued to play. He did not stop to inquire what he regretted, the game or the partner. "What hypocrites we are!" he mused, and he eyed his little book of penances suspiciously, wondering how much of its contents would prove false. And one day he impatiently threw the whole catalogue into the fire. Decidedly, adversity was improving Father Bulbius. But he pulled it off again before it was burnt. Improvement is up-hill work.

The lonely Father turned in his easy chair—oh, but it was deliciously easy!—and thought how excellent had been Veronica's fish-cake. The day was a fast-day; he had had nothing else; and he had eaten too much of it.

"There's a woman to see your Reverence," said Veronica, standing in the doorway. She considered his Reverence had slept long enough. On the whole, she was very gentle to him in these days, showing her angry sympathy, like the wise woman she was, by constant abuse of those that were gone. She had seen what she had seen in the Baronial kitchen, said this excellent housekeeper. "The Baroness was always liberal," Father Bulbius would plead. "Just so," replied Veronica, ostentatiously scraping the butter-knife.

"There's a woman to see you!" she repeated, aggressively.

The Father started awake. "If it's a beggar," he said, with a frown, "send her away with a hunch of bread."

"It's not a beggar, your Reverence; it's Vrouw Poster."

The priest's face cleared. He disliked all petitioners, because of his incapacity for saying "No." But, good man that he was, he had a good man's weakness for a chat with the fair sex, if not too alarmingly fair. "Vrouw Poster," he echoed, brightly. "I'll see her here."

"Very well," replied Veronica, accentuating each syllable. She introduced the visitor, still aggressively, and, as soon as the door had closed again—too soon, therefore, for prudence—that visitor, a comely peasant woman, burst into tears.

"Good Heavens!" cried the Father. "Is Poster dead?"

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Simple-hearted man! All wives are doomed to weep once for their husbands! some after the husband's death, some before. If not after, then all the more before.

"No, your Reverence," sobbed the gardener's spouse. "It is Piet!"

"How shocking!" cried the Father. "How dreadfully sudden!" He rose from his chair. "Well," he said, reflectively, "the boy was a good boy—on the whole."

"It's not that, your Reverence. He's not dead—"

"You said he was," interrupted the Father, annoyed. It seemed that Vrouw Poster had taken a liberty with his feeling.

"Leastways not altogether. Not that I know to the contrary. But he's run away."

"Fetch him back," said Father Bulbius, and sat down again.

"That's just what I mayn't do, your Reverence. His father says, Let him stay away till he comes back of his own accord."

"Well, his father, though harsh, is not a man without sense. Bulbius began leisurely to fill his pipe, messing the tobacco over his already snuffy cassock.

"Oh, your Reverence, but he won't! I know Piet. He's that dogged. Often and often he's said to me: 'Mother,' he's said, 'if father don't treat me better, I shall run away to sea.' And I used to laugh at him; the blessed Saints forgive me! But he's never been the same since the Baron went away; he was terribly partial to the Freule. And yesterday evening his father beat him for not having gone up with us to the Castle to see the new Lord come in. And this morning he's gone, and his bed's not been slept in, and he's left a paper with 'Good-by to mother and Nicky' (that's his goat), and he's out in the snow—O Lord!" and the poor woman began to cry afresh.

"My dear creature!" said Bulbius, considerably disturbed by these symptoms of distress, "he will doubtless return before nightfall, as soon as he has had enough of the cold. And if not, it will be easy to recapture him."

"He won't come back," sobbed Vrouw Poster. "He'd rather die on the heath. And his father's a harsh man, though I say it that shouldn't."

"No," said the priest, gravely. "You shouldn't. Don't." He could think of nothing else to comfort her. Presently he added: "His father's lesson may do him a lot of good. He *is* an exceedingly mischievous boy, as we saw in that affair of the betting. Let him find out that there are worse places than home. He won't stay away long, and, meantime, you have seven other children to look after."

The woman stopped crying and stared at him. Suddenly she realized that he was childless. "Your Reverence does not understand," she said, quietly, and quitted the room so abruptly that Veronica had not time to get away into the kitchen.

He called after her through the open door. His conscience smote him. "Come back," he said; "I want to understand. Now, what can I do for you, Vrouw Poster?"

"I had hoped that your Reverence would reason with my husband. The child *must* be fetched home immediately. It is wicked. It is cruel."

Just what Bulbius had dreaded—argument with a man like Poster! He gave a long pull to his pipe.

"Well, I will go with you," he said.

The head gardener, like many men, had no objection to pastoral exhortations, provided they were given from the pulpit, when, if unfortunately not asleep, he could hear without accepting them. Now, placed between assent and dissent, he dissented. Father Bulbius was well acquainted with his various parishioners, all the better, perhaps, for keeping a little aloof. He disliked receiving a "No" from others as much as uttering it himself. He had foreseen this refusal, and therefore he had sought to preach resignation to the gardener's wife.

"In a day or two, when he has got tired of begging for crusts, he will come back," said Piet's father, "to the best beating he ever had in his life."

But obstinate people are often mistaken, and cruel people always. Piet Poster did not come back.

His mother, therefore, was compelled to seek comfort in the care of her other children, as Bulbius had suggested, and the priest went occasionally to add his equally effectual consolations, not sorry, in spite of his shrinking, to find himself once more within the well-loved precincts. He was returning late one afternoon from such a visit, in the ashen-gray December air, when his path was crossed near the vegetable garden by the new heir of the house, on his all-glorious, all delectable pony. Reinout quickly lifted his cap. It was a little thing, but the frank grace with which it was done went straight to the good priest's heart—not a distant or a tortuous road. He was so afraid of these strangers, afraid of their inevitable dislike of himself. "A pretty pony," he said, timidly, with a ceremonious salute.

"Isn't it a beauty?" cried Reinout, only too delighted with this fresh opportunity of showing his "treasure." "I'm so glad that you like him, Mynheer. And you haven't even seen him gallop yet." "Mynheer" to the priest from a Rexelaer! Alas the day!

"Would you like to see him gallop?" suggested Reinout.

"Very much indeed, Jonker."

"Then would you mind holding this for a moment? Please keep the paper down tight, or they'll jump out. I lost one coming along, and had an awful hunt for him." And the Jonker extended a small, paper-covered bowl to his new acquaintance.

Father Bulbius was preparing to take it, when a new thought struck the boy.

"Oh, perhaps, Mynheer," he said, eagerly, "you could tell me what they are called." He edged up closer, driving the Father unconsciously against a tree. "Nobody knows at home. They all say 'bugs' of everything. One of the laborers gave me these; they were in the vinery. But he says they're just beetles. Look, this is one. Take care. They pinch awfully with those little pincers. Can you tell me? I should so like to know."

Bulbius had not been a peasant boy at Deynum, and afterwards a seminarist, for nothing. The two heads bent over the bowl in the dim light. "Those are not beetles you have got there," he said, "but, then, the common people call most insects beetles. These are called 'Jack-snaps' in our parts. They have got a long Latin name, I dare say, but I should have to look that out for you."

"Oh, would you? How very kind of you, Mynheer! Have you got a book, then, with all the names inside? I want to find out immensely. I am so glad to know that these are 'Jack-snaps.' I shall tell Sam; he gave them to me. There are lots of animals in the greenhouses; what a quantity there will be everywhere in summer! I had no idea there were so many in the world. It is capital fun!"

"You like being here, Jonker?" said Bulbius, a little sadly.

"Oh, don't I just! It's splendid. And to-morrow all my cousins are coming! And we are going to keep Christmas. And they are going to teach me to skate!"

As he talked thus excitedly, the brown pony, which had been standing beautifully still, gave a sudden and terrific leap, almost unseating its rider. Father Bulbius retreated with wonderful alacrity behind the tree, and, peeping from thence, was spectator of a struggle during which the pot and its contents were tossed away on the snow. At last, having probably freed itself from the pincers which had first caused its restlessness, the animal quieted down and Reinout triumphantly patted it, as the Father gingerly emerged.

"I *never* knew him do that before," said the young master, reproachfully, and the pony unfortunately could not explain. But, oh, the Jack-snaps! I must find them!" And he leaped to the ground and began eagerly hunting in the snow.

It was almost dark. The Father struck match after match in the wind-still air, and bent his burly figure as best he could. They searched together, but vainly. "It can't be helped," gasped the Father at last. "You must get Sam to find you some more animals, Jonker, and if you come to my parsonage, I'll tell you their names."

"I'm so sorry to have lost these," said Reinout, "and,

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besides, they will die in the cold." He rode off soberly. The Father watched his figure disappear in the evening mist. "No," said the Father aloud, "it could never be done. Besides, mixed marriages are a very great evil. But a nice boy, nevertheless. A really nice boy."

[To be continued]

The Spectator

The noonday meal of hundreds of men employed in building a great sewer in the main thoroughfare of the city where the Spectator lives has greatly interested him of late. He has been making a covert scrutiny of the dinner-pails—noting their contents, studying the proportion of bread to meat, cheese to hard-boiled eggs, milk to coffee, etc.; catching at scrappy talk, and glimpses of the picturesque. Going to and from his own mid-day meal, he has often felt as if he must apologize for intruding upon a dinner-party, the guests seated upon the curbstone of the public street. Occasionally a tree or a hitching-post has been the center of a radius of heavy boots, the men leaning against the same, their rolled-up coats serving for cushions. Dinner over, the short-stemmed pipes were lighted, and sluggish talk began—disconnected observations, generally upon homely personal affairs. Seldom, if ever, has the Spectator seen a laborer reading a newspaper during his nooning, although the newsboys might be calling their "extra" within hearing. Occasionally he has seen a game of cards going on, but, as a rule, in the hot weather, the lunch has been followed by a nap. Not infrequently a tired-looking woman was seated beside her "old man." She had brought his dinner, evidently giving the best of her day to the task. Once the tired-looking woman was nursing a baby. Again she was *grossmutter* with her knitting work. The Spectator was always sorry when a child had brought the pail, so sullen and listless that child always looked, and gave such an air of vagrancy to the locality.

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The Italians, with their gaudy neckties, and lazy sprawling on the hottest side of the dirt-heaps, did much for the picturesque. They were usually eating chunks of bread, often spread with something white—the Spectator guessed it to be cheese or macaroni. He was told that the contractors buy up all the stale bread that the bakers will bring, dumping it down in heaps on the ground like potatoes. That is dinner enough for Italians.

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Homely as was the fare of the average dinner-pail, there was enough of it, as a rule. It was the remains of the breakfast, clearly. Only once was the heart of the Spectator deeply stirred by pity, and that was when he saw a big, burly ditch-digger devouring a block of sponge-cake—one of those frosted yellow squares the baker exhibits in his window, and which in this case suggested feeding an ox on popcorn. How much it suggested derogatory to that man's domestic economy! and then the later suggestion—illness at home, perhaps that of the wife: surely only dire necessity could drive a workman to such picnic fare. Anything like a napkin was always a surprise, but napkins were to be seen occasionally spread across the knee—something very rare, interesting the Spectator in that laborer at once. There was always a relation between the man's face and the napkin—a clue to his past history.

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On his way to his cool, pleasant office those hot July mornings—a-plenty of hard work and vexation awaiting him at his desk—the Spectator could not help thinking, as he looked down upon the men delving in the dripping ditch, how little they had to fortify them for their day's work. Would they, like himself, be the better prepared for their special work if they had had a good night's rest in an airy chamber, an invigorating bath, and a breakfast that was the day's benediction? Were they handicapped by the conditions of their home life? Was it a sickly sentimentality that asked such questions? "Would a man go from a breakfast-room like yours, Mr. Spectator, to dig in a sewer? And what would your chamber and breakfast-room be like if no one would dig there?"

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"Things will be different by and by," said his friend who has advanced notions in social science, who calls himself a conservative-radical, a communistic-individualist. "In the evolution of the democratic idea it must come to pass that these hard problems will all be solved—that industrial slavery will disappear, and every member of the industrial commune will be given the choice of his employment. Then every citizen of the State will serve the State, not for money, but for the equal benefit of all. Then all kinds of labor will be honorable for all men, ditch-digging with the rest." But did he believe, asked the Spectator, that the time would ever come when *he* would choose to swing the pickax? Would a short spell at it daily—an hour in the early morning, say, with an Emerson or Tolstoï to keep him company—that hour offsetting any other claim upon him for the day—ever induce *him* to join the sewer-diggers of the future industrial commune? And would he not rather dig sewers one hour a day than serve as stoker on a great steamer for that time? And how many stokers, forsooth, would a great steamer have to carry in order that each might serve only an hour per day, and who would choose the occupation? And mining, and many other callings quite as disagreeable to men who could do something else if they chose? . . . The answer came more readily and smoothly than the Spectator's memory will repeat. Machinery was to solve the hard problem—mechanical invention—appliances of electricity. The tenement-house and the great manufacturing beehive were to disappear—yes, and the curbstone dinner-pail. The homes of the working classes would be in the country, each set in its own acre, and there the day's work would be done—electricity connecting the workers with head centers, electricity furnishing power and everything needed, simplifying the housekeeping and gardening with the rest. The Spectator's vision was at fault, but he saw the rosy mist, and something he fancied was a workman's villa in the wide fields—its net of electrical wires giving it the appearance of a big spider-web. Some day he will make a picture of it and write beneath it "the grand democratic ideal," and then it will be clearer to him, perhaps.

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"But until electricity does all that for the ditch-digger, is nothing to be done for his betterment?" asked the Spectator, concealing his perplexity as to how sewers were to be dug in that happy future by each laborer sitting under his own vine and fig-tree. The answer came promptly. "What we call Institutional Christianity must take the workman's nooning in hand. Institutional Christianity is undertaking almost everything that the Church cannot fit into its machinery. Institutional Christianity is like the modern printing-press that can add as many pages to any issue as the demand requires. It has only to hear that there is an opening for a workman's dinner-mission—or whatever you choose to call it—and, presto! you have a chance to subscribe for the same, and to patronize its fair. That mission will take in the thousands of men employed in factories who spend their nooning to their hurt rather than their good. Perhaps it will be found that a main root of our industrial discontent is in the workman's dinner-pail."

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The individual characteristics of the laborers, no less than the marked tendencies of their class, are plainly to be seen by a close observer of the curbstone luncheon. To know how far a man has attained in the evolution of his higher nature, it has been said, see him eat. It was the chaplain of a State's prison who once emphasized this truth to the Spectator. He held that the table manners of convicts were a pretty sure clue to the nature of their crimes, and foretold their chance of reformation. The gentle-born and the well-bred could not hide their heredity, if they would, when they sat down at the prison board. "I only ask to see the new girls eat," said the head of a large boarding-school, "in order to classify them, to learn their social status." Does not the curbstone lunch offer to the would-be benefactor of the common laborer a rare opportunity for studying his possibilities and present social condition? The Spectator has found in it a world of suggestion—a new outlook upon industrial affairs; and would commend the subject to the thoughtful consideration of those who incline to think that the body of the poor man has been somewhat neglected by the average seeker after the good of his soul.

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The Home

The Unprotected Rights

The careless use of other people's names is one of the evidences of an untrained mind—one is almost tempted to say, of untrained morals. No property is so absolutely one's own as one's name. By it one stands or falls in the presence of the community. To use it carelessly is to be guilty of slander; to use it unauthoritatively would open the door of accusation to the charge of theft were the property used convertible into money by the user.

That there are people troubled with moral near-sightedness there is no doubt; people who have fine perceptions in general, but who, when an end is to be accomplished which they greatly desire, lose their moral balance; to them the end justifies the means.

Women, because of their lack of business training, err more frequently than men in this direction. It is said that ministers, whose profession prevents in most cases intimate contact with the world of business, not rarely offend against the unwritten laws which business men of honor consider inviolable. Ignorance will not much longer serve to protect either profession or sex from the observance of the points of honor which are evidences of trained conscience or morals.

It is a safe rule never to take for granted that you are authorized to act for another. No man of brains delegates unlimited authority in the use of his name. Could there be a greater infringement of the rights of another than was expressed by a woman in explaining the peculiar position of an able woman in a special movement? "Oh! you see, she is run by Mrs. Blank. She probably does not know that her name is being used in that way." Could a woman of brains be placed in a more feeble position? But who can measure the injury where a man or a woman is placed, without knowledge or consent, in a position that misrepresents him or her, misrepresents opinions through the act of an unauthorized agent? It is cruel, for frequently the victim is helpless; he must submit, and often cannot make an explanation, for it is beset with difficulties that involve others.

Care in quoting, punctiliousness in using the names of others only with absolute knowledge of their desires, proves the trained conscience and educated moral nature.

A Word with the Farmer

Governor Flower, in an address recently delivered at the Dutchess County Fair in this State, stated some telling facts and made some very wise suggestions.

City people who have spent their summers in an agricultural region have, if at all observing, been oppressed by the almost absolute indifference of the farmers of the region to the immediate market. Living near towns where there are hotels and boarding-houses, they make little or no attempt to meet the demands of this summer community. Acre after acre is given up to products that must be shipped by railroad or boat, or kept for the support of the family or cattle. In the meantime, the hotel and boarding-house keepers, at great inconvenience, are sending to distant places for supplies that ought to be obtainable in their own region, thus securing better supplies at the saving to both producer and consumer of the cost of transportation and commission on sales. As an instance of the density of what may be called the agricultural mind, an actual occurrence is evidence.

A lady who had a large family of boarders in the summer, and who lived in a section where strawberries were cultivated, decided that she would endeavor to buy that fruit directly from the grower across the road. The result of her negotiations was that the grower agreed to sell her the fruit at market rates.

"What do you mean by market rates?" the would-be purchaser asked.

"Whatever you would have to pay for them in New York," was the reply.

"That is not right. If you send your berries to New York you have to box them, buy and pay freight on the crates, carry them seven miles each way between here and the railroad, and pay commission to your selling agent in New York. I will send over pails into which you may measure the berries, and you are saved the cost of boxes, packing, crates, expressage, and commission. You ought to deduct this from the market price to me in New York, for that price would include the cost of selling by the grocer, and his profit, with which you have nothing to do." The man looked perfectly indignant, and absolutely refused to consider any price but the retail price in New York. The lady, a thorough business woman, repeated this experience with eight growers within walking distance before she could find one who saw the injustice of adding costs which he did not pay to the price for products which were sold with only the cost of cultivation and picking, with a fair advance as profit.

Deserted farms in the Eastern and Middle States are so important as to figure in statistics. Advertisements appear in real estate columns in the newspapers in which the words "Deserted Farms" are printed in capitals to attract the attention of men looking for summer homes. Farming has become so unprofitable in the East that it is a subject for the orator. The desertion of the farmer by the farmer's boys, and with equal truth it might be added girls, is also a theme for them.

Farmers do not give the best opportunities to their children, nor do they often offer to them opportunities for earning money. Not because they cannot be offered, but because the farmer is governed by tradition and fails to see his opportunity; he refuses to see his opportunity in near-by markets for raising produce that would be salable there. The same business principles that hold good in other businesses hold good in farming: Find the greatest need, commercially, of the community, and work to secure that trade at the least cost in selling. There comes to mind now a rocky, sterile fifty acres of land that yielded this year twenty-two tons of hay—a coarse, weedy-looking stuff that could not be sold in any market. That farm overlooked a summer community of fifty persons, who found it almost impossible to get either eggs or chickens. The owner of that farm was able to sell one dozen eggs after collecting the product of her poultry-yard for three days. And this represented the comprehension of the whole farming region of their opportunity to secure ready money. The railroad was from seven to twelve miles away, yet every summer this beautiful country wooes hundreds of the lovers of freedom and nature, who live on tough meat and canned goods because they must. The farmer will not cultivate vegetables, small fruits, or poultry, for which there is an open market that would mean ready money. Governor Flower, in his speech before a particularly intelligent farming community, pointed out the folly of the Eastern farmer's trying to compete with his great Western rival. He must change his methods to meet the change in conditions. Every farmer in the State ought to profit by this speech, extracts of which have appeared in the papers. Governor Flower closed by saying:

> The urban population is increasing at a very rapid rate. Millions of people must be fed. Their tastes and wants are increasing every year. Their ability to satisfy these tastes and wants is increasing every year. Let us give up the old crops and methods that have been proved unprofitable and impoverishing, and take up new crops whose production is profitable, and study new methods which science and the application of business principles to agriculture have shown to result in economy and a large margin of profit. Instead of a discouraging and profitless occupation, agriculture can be restored to its old-time splendor as an honorable and remunerative pursuit.

It is appalling to think of what country boys and girls endure to gain a livelihood in our great cities—privations

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that they gladly endure because hope is always before them of success, attainment. The same energy and ambition expended on the home farm, the same determination to meet the opportunities in their own homes, would save the home farm from the auctioneer's hammer, or the decay of desertion, and give them freedom and independence that the city rarely gives.

There is no miracle in success. It always means intelligence well applied to surrounding conditions. Farmers, their wives, sons, and daughters, will find farming profitable when they cater to the wants of the nearest community that can be made dependent upon them for the greatest number of its wants. The first open market, with the least cost in selling, should be the motto of every farm.

A suggestion of the Governor's, both feasible and practicable, is that of co-operation to secure common advantages, such as building cold-storage buildings for fruit, that it might be held for the higher prices of the winter season. Some one has wisely said that co-operation is proof of the intelligence of those combining effort, products, or money. A farming community, where hay was about the only product, numbered among its inhabitants a farmer who read, and profited by what he read. The outcome of one line of thought resulted in the establishment of a co-operative creamery. The making of butter is a trade; the maker is proficient, not because she is a farmer's wife, but because she knows how. This man saw the advantage of securing a skilled dairyman and his wife to make all the butter made in the region. Profits for all were to depend on the product sold, not the product made. A reliable agent looked after the dairy interests in New York, and the drudgery of butter-making was taken off the already burdened shoulders of the farmers' wives, skilled and unskilled. The project failed because the contributing or co-operating farmers would not wait for the best market—that of cold weather. They insisted on realizing at once, and compelled the immediate sale of the butter, regardless of the market price. The creamery stands an empty, silent monument of what might have been a successful enterprise, and the farmer and his family are working again to make butter to trade off for necessities with the nearest grocer or tradesman, who realizes the profits that would have been the farmer's had he been willing to work for future instead of immediate profits. The time given to the making and selling of the butter could have been put into efforts at other departments of his work that must always be individual. Greatest production with the least necessary effort, products sold at the least cost and largest profit, put the farmer's balance on the right side of the ledger.

Yacht and Sailing Races

By Charles Ledyard Norton

That very much misunderstood person, the "average American," will notice this week that his favorite newspaper has a great deal to say about yachting, and if he pursues his investigations he will learn that a series of races is taking place off New York Harbor between sailing craft flying respectively the flags of the English Royal Yacht Squadron and of the New York Yacht Club. To people who are interested in nautical matters it may seem incredible that any one who reads the papers can be unaware that during the present season yachting has assumed an importance never known before. Yet I venture to predict that quite a respectable percentage of those who read this paper will have to consult the dictionary before they can be altogether clear as to what a yacht really is.

To save time and trouble, therefore, let it be understood that a yacht is a sea-going vessel designed and used for recreation as distinguished from commerce. She may be propelled by wind, or steam, or by any other motive power. I say sea-going vessel, because some people who own sail-boats and launches call them yachts; but by common consent a genuine yacht should be large enough to have a permanently inclosed cabin, so that she can be used for outside cruising.

The special reason for all this present stir is that there is to be a series of races for a prize known as "The America's Cup," and acknowledged by all the world as the most honorable trophy open to competition among yachtsmen. It was first offered for competition in England forty-two years ago, and was won by a New York schooner called the America, which crossed the ocean and outsailed the whole yacht squadron of England. Since that day repeated attempts have been made by English yachts to win back the coveted prize, but American boats have always proved too fleet for them. Still, with characteristic Anglo-Saxon pluck, the contest is renewed at short intervals, and some time the prize will no doubt be borne back in triumph to its native land. Perhaps Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie will be the successful boat—a few days will show—but first she will have to out-sail and out-maneuver the Vigilant, fleetest of all American yachts, specially designed as a "cup-defender," and selected after a series of trials as the swiftest of four vessels built to compete for the honor.

Yachting owes its charm very largely to the fascinating uncertainties that beset its followers on all sides. I mean, of course, the yachting that depends for its motive power upon the free winds of heaven. Pleasure craft driven by machinery have their obvious advantages, but I question if the owner of a steam-yacht falls in love with her as does the true yachtsman with his sail-driven craft. Her very caprices and whims have their charm for him, and he treats her very much as a human lover treats his mortal sweetheart. Instead of flowers, bonbons, and diamonds, he bedecks her with bronze fittings and the latest devices in balloon jibs and running rigging. Nor is she one whit easier to please than her human sister; she has the equivalent of headaches and backaches and the other ills that the summer girl is heir to; to-day she will sail like a witch, and be as accommodating as possible; to-morrow she will sulk and do most reluctantly, if at all, what is asked of her.

All this is hardly to be believed or understood by one who has never sailed a boat, yet I appeal confidently to every sailor-man to say whether or not it is true.

The perplexities of yacht-designing, and, for that matter, of all branches of shipbuilding, are almost infinite, though the problems to be solved look, at first sight, very simple. Evidently the body of a sailing vessel should be so shaped that she will go through the water with the greatest possible ease lengthwise, but she must at the same time refuse obstinately to go sidewise. Upon ease of progress endwise depends her speed before the wind, and upon her refusal to move sidewise depends what sailor-men call her "weatherly qualities"—her ability, that is, to make the wind drive her in a direction contrary to that from which it is blowing.

The problem, then, that confronts the designer may be thus stated: Given something that will float in water, what is the best shape to serve a yachtsman's purpose? Suppose the something is a piece of wood, it needs no argument to prove that a straight rod sharpened at the ends offers the least possible resistance to passage through the water. But there is nothing to keep it from rolling over and over. In sailor phrase, it has no stability, and practically no lateral resistance. Its only good quality is in its easy run. Again, a flat board sharpened at the ends and set afloat moves easily endwise, and it cannot readily be rolled over and over like the rod, but it still moves easily sidewise. To quote the yachtsman again, "it has an easy run and great stability, but no lateral resistance." One step has been gained, however.

Taking the familiar idea of the floating plank to work upon, it is very curious to find the different conclusions reached by English and Americans. The first turned it up on edge to secure the greatest lateral resistance, while the Americans left it floating in its natural position, but cut a slit through it and lowered a board edgewise into the water for the same end. Of course the Englishman had to fasten heavy ballast on the lower edge of his plank in order to keep it upright in the water. The result of these different courses of development was the famous "cutter and center-

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board controversy" which began some twenty years ago and is still far from being settled, although both types, "skimming-dish" and "plank-on-edge," as they were derisively called, have largely modified one another's extreme peculiarities.

Before this paper goes to press one or more of the cup races will have been decided, wind and weather permitting, and millions will have read the result in the newspapers. No one, however, not familiar with the details can have any idea of the amount of thought that has gone to the preparation of the competing yachts. Not only has the greatest amount of ingenuity been exerted in shaping the hulls and in rigging the sails, but great care has been taken in selecting and drilling the crews and in getting rid of everything that can impede progress under ordinary sailing conditions. The last thing done for both yachts was to raise them out of water and polish the metal bottoms till they were smooth as a mirror; then they were floated, stripped of all superfluous weight, and officially measured in perfectly smooth water. It is very important to have a yacht measure as short as possible on the water-line, for a long boat will always outsail a short one, and if there is enough difference to count materially, the longer boat gives a time allowance, as it is called, to her shorter rival. Yachts of different sizes, therefore, are arranged in classes—a 30-foot class, a 40-foot class, and the like; but in the cup contest the vessels are supposed to be the same size—namely, not far from 85 feet on the water-line. The Vigilant, the American boat, is a little longer than the English Valkyrie, and allows her a few seconds in a race.

All important yacht-races are sailed on the open sea, outside of headlands, so as to insure perfect fairness. The courses sailed in the present instance will be thirty miles long, some of them straight-away fifteen miles and return, others around a triangle of ten miles on a side; the straight-away courses selected are either directly against the wind or directly with it, or, as a sailor would say, "straight to windward or straight to leeward."

The start is made across an imaginary line between two anchored mark-boats; a preparatory gun is fired from the flag-ship, and ten minutes later a starting gun. Neither yacht may cross this imaginary line before this last gun is fired, and it is a matter requiring the greatest skill to send the boat across just at the right instant, for when the gun is fired both boats are supposed to have started, and the hindermost one is just so much at a disadvantage. Not only must the line be reached at just the right instant, but during that ten minutes of excitement the "rules of the road," as they are called at sea, must be observed to avoid collisions and other mishaps. No easy matter, this, when several yachts are concerned, but comparatively simple when there are only two. Where rivalry is so keen, however, the opposing skippers are always alert to take every possible advantage so as to secure the best send-off.

Some yachts sail best straight before the wind; others with the wind at right angles to their course; and others, again, with the wind more or less ahead. Among sailors these different points of sailing are called "running," "reaching," and "tacking." The yacht that is best at tacking, or "working to windward," as it is often called, is usually the winner in a race; for in a straight-away course one-half the distance must be "windward work," and that means at least three-quarters of the time. A triangular course is always laid out so as to give one side of the triangle for windward work; thus is each yacht given a chance to win on her best point of sailing.

I despair of making my shore-going reader understand how a vessel propelled by sails alone can be made to move in a direction contrary to that from which the wind is blowing. With the aid of diagrams and elaborate explanations I think it can be done, provided the reader is willing to give his whole mind to the task, but I shall not here make the attempt. That the aforesaid landsman may in some slight measure appreciate the difficulties that beset his sea-going brother, let me invite him to open a large umbrella at the leeward side of a field when a high wind is blowing. Let him then try to make the umbrella pull him across that field against the wind. Let him, moreover, attempt to reach that border at exactly a given instant of time. I think that when he has experimented in this direction for a short time he will conclude that the scientific sailing of a boat to windward is not so easy as it looks. Let him remember, moreover that he has the solid earth under his feet and only a small umbrella to manage. The sailing skipper, on the contrary, has the heaving ocean beneath him, and some odd thousands of feet of straining canvas towering skyward in the gale above his head.

The sea has a picturesque language of its own, and it is not always easy to write about its belongings without using terms that would not be understood by the average reader. I have tried to avoid such terms in the present paper, or at least not to use them without explaining in the next sentence. I hope I have succeeded in showing, to some extent, why yachting awakens such a spirit of generous rivalry between the two great seafaring nations of the earth. It calls for brains, skill, daring, and endurance, and where these qualities are needed the true Anglo-Saxon will ever be found.

"True to His Trust"

By William Murray Graydon

In Two Parts—I.

The chance stranger who comes down the York turnpike to the shallow fording at Beaver Creek will probably pause a moment to look at the beautiful and romantic scenery around him. If he glances up stream, he will note, first of all, the ruined breastwork of an old dam, through and over which pours a flood of silvery water. His attention will next be drawn to the right-hand end of the breastwork, where, on a foundation of crumbling masonry, lie a heap of charred timbers. From the tangled bushes close by towers a dead hickory-tree, its trunk scarred and blackened by the same conflagration that destroyed Hiram Bender's sawmill on an April night six years ago.

The little frame house up on the hill is tenanted by strangers now, but to them and to the farmers for miles around the story of that memorable night is a firmly founded bit of local history, and will go down to tradition in the annals of the neighborhood.

The story really begins three years previous to the fire, when Mr. Bender adopted and took into his home a puny, half-starved lad of twelve, whose bringing up had been about as bad as bad could be.

It came about in this way. In a tumble-down shanty, several miles up Beaver Creek, lived Bill Marsh, the father of little Tony. He had always been a worthless sort of character, but when his wife died he went rapidly from bad to worse. For a long time he supported himself by stealing, and finally a series of audacious robberies led to his arrest and conviction.

The neighbors were well pleased when the prison doors closed on Bill Marsh, and, with natural harshness, they at once took steps to have little Tony placed in the county poorhouse. They had no sympathy for the orphaned lad, and predicted that he was sure to grow up like his father.

But there was one exception, and this was Hiram Bender. When he found that none of the farmers could be induced to take the lad and try to make something out of him, he determined to act the Good Samaritan himself.

"If the child has the seeds of evil in him, they'll only sprout the faster in such an institution as yours," he fearlessly said to the members of the Poor Board. "But he is too young to be thoroughly bad. A decent home and kind treatment will soon make him forget his old life. That's my opinion, anyway, and I won't see the poor boy go to ruin—as a good many folks seem willing to do. Bind him over to me, and if there's good in him I'll bring it out. If he proves a bad egg, why, my conscience is clear."

Mr. Bender's request was readily granted, and instead of going to the dreadful poorhouse Tony was taken into a home that fairly dazzled him by its contrast to that miser-

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able hovel up the creek, where he had known privation and suffering of every kind.

Mrs. Bender was a motherly, sympathetic woman, and fully approved of what her husband had done. The worthy couple had a son of their own, but this did not deter them from carrying out their generous impulse.

Luke was just Tony's age, and at first he eagerly welcomed the presence of a companion. That he did not continue in this frame of mind was due entirely to outside influences, which will be explained presently.

The neglected little waif proved worthy of the change in his fortunes. He had a grateful heart, and was never happier than when doing something for his benefactors. He made himself useful in every possible way. He was really a bright lad, and, though ignorant at first, there was nothing vicious about him. He learned rapidly, and by kind treatment and Christian training all his capabilities for good were drawn to the surface. He grew stouter and stronger, and was soon as sturdy a lad as Luke, to whom he had attached himself with the devotion of a faithful dog.

Luke was rather headstrong and thoughtless, and these traits caused his parents some uneasiness.

"Tony," said Mr. Bender one day, "that boy of mine ain't as steady as he might be. I'm always afraid he'll get drowned or hurt through his rashness. I want you to keep a sort of an eye on him."

Tony eagerly promised to do so, and he nobly kept his word in the face of trials that embittered his happiness and content.

Though Mr. Bender managed a good-sized farm as well as the sawmill, he allowed the boys many a half-holiday for fishing, swimming, and other sports. Nor did they lack companions, for Beaver Creek—and especially the vicinity of the dam—was a popular resort with the boys who lived within easy distance. Thus Tony's trials began, for these lads objected to his company. They ridiculed him, called him names, and made insulting allusions to his parentage. They did not mean to be cruel, perhaps, but they had often heard their fathers speak contemptuously of Mr. Bender's folly, and predict all manner of evil destinies for Bill Marsh's "brat." So they were merely practicing what they learned at home.

For a time Luke resented this and took Tony's part. Then he became indifferent, and finally he began to believe that what the boys said was true—that Tony was a "disgrace," and a "regular sneak," and that he was "playing the hypocrite so as to feather his nest well." He grew ashamed of his adopted brother, and wished that he had been allowed to go to the poorhouse.

At home Luke treated Tony with well-assumed kindness, and as the poor boy never uttered a word of complaint, Mr. Bender and his wife remained in ignorance of what was going on. Had they known the truth, the consequences would certainly have been unpleasant for Luke. This was just what Tony aimed most urgently to prevent. He did not want to wound his benefactors by the knowledge of their son's cruelty. How acutely the lad suffered no one will ever know. He bore everything with stolid endurance—his one consolation the thought that he was true to his promise, and that he was doing all in his power to repay the generous people who had taken him into their home.

Tony was a hero. His devotion was nothing less than heroic. He was constantly on the alert to keep Luke from harm. He had too much tact to play the part of a monitor and offer advice. He was rather like a faithful hound—watchful and silent. When Luke recklessly tried to swim the whirlpool above the dam, and became exhausted, Tony swam out and aided him to shore. When Luke was caught in a hornets' nest, and chased by Grimes's savage bull, it was Tony who came to the rescue on both occasions. Once Tony took a severe whipping in silence from an angry farmer whose calf had been shot full of arrows by Luke and his mischievous companions. But all this self-sacrifice and nobility was lost on Luke. He continued to wound Tony's faithful heart by contempt and insult.

Nearly three years went by, and finally Mr. Bender decided to take a step which he had long held in contemplation; namely, to remove to York and engage in the lumber trade. He was urged to this by different reasons. On the one hand, he desired that the two boys should have better advantages than were possible in the country. On the other hand, sharp competition and the difficulty of transporting lumber made the sawmill far less lucrative than it had been in the past. By economy and frugal living Mr. Bender had laid away quite a snug sum of money in the York bank, and therefore it was no rash venture that he contemplated.

In due time a purchaser was found for the farm and the mill. One sunny April afternoon Mr. Bender came into the house with a heavy canvas bag under his arm. He held it up before his wife and the two boys. "Carson has made the first payment on the property," he said. "Nine hundred dollars in gold and notes. I will take it over to York to-morrow. By the way, mother, here is a letter Carson brought from the post-office."

Mrs. Bender opened the envelope and read the contents. "It is from sister Mary at Lisburn!" she exclaimed, in a tone of dismay. "She has been taken sick, and wants me to come over. What shall I do, Hiram?"

"Go and see her, of course," replied Mr. Bender. "I hope it's nothing bad. I'll drive you over myself and come back in the morning. I don't like to trust you with that new horse—she's a little skittish."

"But how about the money?" said his wife. "Will it be safe in the house over night?"

"Certainly it will. No one knows that I have it."

Mr. Bender opened a desk that stood in the corner of the room, and dropped the bag inside. He locked the desk carefully, and put the key in its usual hiding-place—behind a framed engraving that hung on the wall.

"The money is in your charge now, Tony," he said, half in jest, half in earnest. "Guard it well, and take good care of Luke while we are gone."

Mr. Bender had unconsciously fallen into the habit of treating his adopted son as the more responsible of the two, and this was an added ground for discontent on Luke's part.

"You will find the money safe when you return," declared Tony. "If robbers try to break into the house we'll give them a warm reception, won't we, Luke?"

"Robbers? Nonsense!" exclaimed Luke. "There ain't any in this part of the country. Not since old Bill"—he added, half aloud, and then discreetly checked himself. But Tony had heard, and he turned his face away to hide a crimson flush.

The lads now went off together to hitch up the horse, and a little later Mr. Bender and his wife started on their ten-mile drive to Lisburn.

There was plenty of work to be done about the farm, and the afternoon wore quickly away. Luke was sullenly silent, and Tony was careful to do or say nothing that might lead to open hostilities. They cooked and ate supper, and when it grew dark they carefully fastened the doors and lower windows of the house. They spent the evening in the big kitchen, Luke morosely whittling at his arrows, while Tony pored over a dog-eared history of the United States.

When the tall old clock in the corner struck nine, Luke put down his knife. "I'm going to bed," he announced. "Keep on studying if you want to. You'll need all the learning you can get, for some day father will come to his senses and turn you out-of-doors."

This cruel speech brought the tears to Tony's eyes, but before he could reply, shuffling footsteps were heard on the back porch, and then the door was softly tapped. The boys forgot all else but this unexpected intrusion, and exchanged glances of alarm.

"Who's there?" demanded Tony in a loud voice, walking to the door.

"Don't you know your ole pap's voice any more?" came the instant reply, in wheezy, whining tones. "I just got out day afore yesterday. Open the door, Tony, an' give me a bite ter eat. Then I'll go 'way again, an' won't trouble you any more."

Tony's face became pale as ashes, and a great lump

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rose in his throat that made speech impossible for an instant.

"Don't let that old vagabond in," cried Luke, angrily. "I'll tell father if you do."

Lost—A Jacket

By Mary Allaire

The house stood almost in the shadow of the barn, which was very much larger than the house, and not nearly so crowded. Kittie's father had more children than cows or horses. Both house and barn stood on a hill about a mile away from the nearest neighbor. Kittie and the other children did not mind this at all, for there were so many of them that they were never lonely. They had lovely dolls of corn-cobs and rags. True, the heads of these dolls were flat, and it took a good deal of imagination to decide that they were asleep, when their eyes were two round spots of black paint. Still, Kittie and her sisters would have insisted that their mother made perfect dolls, and made them quicker than anybody else ever did.

Above the house was a lovely field that sloped down to a lovely woods on one side and to a wild garden on the other. All about this field was a beautiful hedge of golden-rod and everlasting. In the middle of the field was a great pile of stones covered by moss and almost hidden by the same flowers as the hedge that hid the stone fence completely when you were in the field. The great mountains rose beyond the wild-flower garden, and from the glen hidden in the woods.

When a lady who lived in a big city in the winter, and was now for a time boarding in a house about four miles from Kittie's home, found this field, she felt that she was a great discoverer, and hurried back to tell her friends.

Kittie and her brothers and sisters grew accustomed to this strange lady, who came so often to sit in the big field. One day, to their great astonishment, the lady brought with her a little girl just about Kittie's age, and Kittie heard her call the little girl Mary.

Kittie stood in the door of the big barn, where she had come to hunt for eggs; the other children were down by the brook. The first thought Kitty had was:

"What a pretty dress and hat! and she has on shoes!" At this discovery Kittie hid behind the door until the little girl had passed the gate and she could only see her sailor hat just over the fence.

"Mamma, mamma," she called out as soon as she entered the house, "did you see the little girl? Wasn't she pretty? Didn't she have pretty clothes? Did you see her shoes?" Her mother answered her with a tired "Yes, dear," which made Kitty look at her as if she wished she could do more work. But ten-year-old backs are not very strong, nor ten-year-old memories very long.

Kittie went down to the brook after the breakfast dishes were washed, and played with the other children, but her mother's tired voice seemed to sound in her ears, and after a time she sat down on the bank, swinging both bare feet in the brook. You may be sure that the fishermen down the stream that day did not get many trout. No wise trout would pass those two dreadful white things that made the water so rough.

Charley watched Kittie for a time, and then there were four white things to startle the trout.

"I tell you, Charley, it must be awful nice to go out walking with your mother."

Charley nodded.

"I think it must be very nice to have shoes and pretty dresses and have your mother go out with you and read to you. That lady had a book. Let's go and see them." And before Charley had time to think, Kittie was half-way up the hill; Charley raced after her, and they jumped the fence together, and were walking carefully over the stony road toward the field where the strangers were.

Sitting on a big gray shawl close to the fence Kittie and Charley found the strangers. The lady was reading, but Kittie never knew what she was reading; she only saw two dolls lying on the grass—such dolls as she never dreamed of! One was quite large, with two long braids down her back, and the other was small, just about as big as the last doll Kittie's mamma made for her. But what a difference! This doll had on a flannel dress of dark blue like her little mother's, a worsted cap pushed back, showing a lovely bang, and a beautiful pair of shoes, while on the ground was the doll's jacket—like her dress. Her little mother was making her a pink calico dress.

"Well, it must be near dinner-time. We ought to start for home, Mary," the lady said, getting up at once and closing the book. "It is later than I thought. We will not be in time for dinner even if we walk fast."

Kittie and Charley hid closer in the sumac-bushes in which they had been hiding, but not so quickly that Kittie did not see that the little girl had left the doll's jacket on the ground as she picked up the doll.

The little girl and her mamma hurried up to the bars and then walked through, and were soon out of sight down the road.

Kittie looked very queer as she said, "I'm not going back to the brook; I am going home."

Charley did not answer her, but jumped the fence and was soon racing down the other field, through the deep underbrush, and with the other children, who were giving their pet lamb a bath, to its evident discomfort and dissatisfaction; they were also succeeding in giving themselves baths. Kittie watched Charley out of sight, then she jumped the fence, picked up the little jacket, hid it in her pocket, ran as fast as she could into the barn, up the ladder, and hid the jacket in a corner under a barrel.

Kittie was so quiet at dinner that her mother said to her father when he sat on the bench at the back door, "Kittie is getting big enough to notice that she does not have things like other children."

"Well, her mother does not have things like other women, and no woman deserves better things." Kittie's mother kissed him, and Kittie, if she had not been thinking of other things, would have noticed that her mother's voice was not so tired that afternoon. Kittie stole away to the barn with Grace, her last doll, under her apron. She crept up the ladder, and, in the gloom, tried on the sack.

"I found it," she whispered to herself—"I found it. I did not see it in anybody's hand. Why, it might belong to some other little girl."

Grace was held up; but when a doll has no shoulders, and her arms are just sewed on to a straight body, you cannot make a jacket fit very well.

"I will make shoulders," and Kittie worked and worked to make shoulders with hay. At last she succeeded, and for a time she was very happy.

Kittie stole down the ladder and into the house to the rag-bag in the garret. Here she found a piece of gingham like her last year's dress, and in a few minutes she was back in the barn with a needle and thread trying to make Grace a dress with a waist. How dark and gloomy it was! How lonesome! But she dare not let the children see that jacket, because they would say she—

Kittie grew very white when she thought what they would say if they knew what she had done. She grabbed the jacket, almost fell down the ladder in her hurry, and ran up the road to the field. She put the little jacket down almost on the same place it was lying before she picked it up, and jumped over the fence into the sumac-bushes as she heard voices in the road. She lay perfectly still where she fell, afraid to move lest the little girl should say, "You saw me leave it, and did not tell me."

"Why, here it is, just where you left it, dear," she heard the little girl's mamma say, and tears filled her eyes when she heard Mary's "I'm so glad!"

Grace did have a new dress and a cape. When Kittie showed them to her mamma she was delighted, and said: "You must have noticed the lady's cape who passes here so often. Why, Grace is far more stylish than her mamma, for she has no cape," and she kissed Kittie's happy face.

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Sunday Afternoon

We Have Found Him[1]

By Lyman Abbott

We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.—John i., 45.

For many years Israel had been looking for a Deliverer. Their religious books are distinguished by this characteristic: they have always a forelooking. From the earliest record, in which it was promised that the heel of man would bruise and destroy the head of the serpent, down to the latest prophecy, type and prophecy had foretold a Some One who was to come and bring with him that for which the world had waited and longed and hungered.

This desire, this expectation, was interpreted by the sacrifices and types of the Temple, by the language of the prophets, by the forelooking of the Psalmists, by the whole spirit of the nation. When, therefore, the Spirit of God came to tell Mary that she was the anointed one through whom this Deliverer should come into the world, though she was filled with awe and wonder that the honor was conferred upon her, it did not surprise her that a Deliverer was coming; and when the sudden glory shone above the heads of the shepherds, peasants though they were, and the declaration was made that they should find the Messiah in the manger, that they should look for him in such a place was strange, that the knowledge of his coming should have been given to them was strange, but they did not have to ask for any interpretation of the meaning of the message. Nor was this expectation confined to Israel. The desire for some such Deliverer had been written in the heart of man, and needed no heavenly prophet to interpret it. Heathen nations also had looked for the coming of Some One who should bring into the world that which the world lacked. It is said that Confucius had promised such a Deliverer, and that disciples of Confucius, journeying to India in search of him, had there learned of Buddha, and thus it was that Buddhism was brought back into China, whose prior religion was that of Confucius. It is certain that the wise men studying the stars had in those stars themselves seen some evidence or indication that the One they had been looking for had arrived, and this it was that brought them to the land of Egypt—to find the Messiah whom they had expected. It is certain that Zoroaster gave some indication to his disciples of that Coming One, though he did not define with any clearness what that Coming One was to do or to be in the world. Even Socrates on his death-bed told his disciples to go search for some charmer, some power that would give them what they needed in the hour of their desolation. Thus the whole world has been looking out from the earliest ages for a Some One who should bring they scarcely knew what. And if we look with wider range around the world, we see this heart-hunger in humanity everywhere and always: in business endeavors, in scientific pursuits, in the eager quest of ambition, in the always fruitless search for pleasure. Everywhere are men searching for they know not what. They pursue the shadow; they endeavor to seize upon it; it eludes their grasp; disappointed in one direction, they take another. In vain the cynic chides them for it. Vanity of vanities, he cries, all is vanity; but his cry is vainest of all. Alas! too often in vain does the prophet seek to interpret their heart-hunger to themselves, saying to them, Why do you spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?

Now, what is said in our text is this: We have found him for whom the world is looking. That is our message, the message of the Christian Church. That message is not in the thunder of the law on Mount Sinai: that is not what the world is looking for. It is not in the lurid flames of some future penalty: that is not what the world is looking for. It is not some law inexorable in its penalty and rigorous in its demand: that is not what the world is looking for. It is a Redeemer, it is an Aid-giver, it is an Inspirer, it is an Illuminator, it is a Comforter. You know what you have looked for in your hours of darkness, when there was no hand able to wipe away the tears from your eyes; in your hours of conflict, when you have been wrestling with temptations and there was no one to cheer and strengthen you; what you have looked for when you have been heart-hungry and homesick and you knew not why. We have found Him. We know who He is. We can tell you. That is the Gospel message.

What are the things for which humanity in all its highest religious aspirations hungers for? I think these four things—I do not say there are not more, but certainly these four things:

First, it desires to know what is the law of the social order. It desires to know what are the laws which bind humanity together. It desires to get order out of chaos and peace out of war. This is the first hunger. Secondly, it desires some human ideal. It desires some conception of what man is. I am trying to make myself. What am I trying to make myself? I am a half-grown creature. What shall I be when I am fully grown? I am a half-made man. What shall I be when I am perfectly made? What is the pattern towards which I am to shape and model my character? Thirdly, what is the object of my reverence? I look down. Yes; and I look off. Yes: but I am so made that I must look up also. Where and what is the object that I can revere, that I can put before me as the supreme object of affection, reverence, love? In one word, who and what is God? And, finally, when I have found what is the law of the social order, and I have found what is the ideal of personal character, and I have learned something respecting the nature of God, then how am I to come into fellowship with that God? How can I come to know him as I am known of him? How can I come to be united with him? How can I come to be like him? How can I realize this ideal set before my vision? This is what the world is looking for: some clear enunciation of the principle of social life; some clear revelation of the ideal of human character; some clear disclosure of the object of human reverence, towards which all mankind are turning; and some power to reach the goal which is set before them. Now we have found Him of whom the prophet spoke. We have found Him who answers these four demands of the human race.

In the first place, then, we have found in Christ the solvent of the social problem. There is a social problem, and we want to solve it. There could be no reformer if there was not a deform. It is because we know that society is not what it ought to be that we are ready to listen to the voice of men, sometimes wise men, sometimes unwise men, sometimes self-seekers, sometimes unselfish idealists, who try to sketch out for us a better future, a better life. We are living in a rich country. There is no reason, in the nature of the case, why every man in America should not be sheltered, and have food enough and to spare; and yet, suddenly, a great financial calamity finds us, and the rich and the poor alike tremble before the threatened disaster; and we call together our legislators to meet in Congress and determine what shall be done. There are strikes here and lockouts there, and labor problems confronting us. What is the law of the social order? How ought men to be related so that these anarchies and these confusions shall take place no more? I was told last week—I have not examined the statement, and I do not vouch for the statistics—that under improved machinery one man can weave eleven hundred times more cloth than a man used to be able to weave in the day of hand-looms. Eleven hundred times more cloth we are making than we used to make. Who shall have the benefit of that fact? Workingmen combine together, saying, We ought to have that profit. The capitalists combine together, saying, We have built the machinery: we ought to have that profit. The captains of industry say, No; it is our brains that direct the organization, and it is our brains that found the work, and we ought to have that profit. Finally, the women all run to the cheapest bargain-counter to contend for the cheapest goods, saying,

[1] Sermon preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, September 24, and in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, October 1, 1893. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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We ought to have that profit. That is the pagan way of solving the social problem—let every man take care of himself, and the world will be taken care of. Now, over against that, Christ offers his solvent for the social problem. He says, My children, my children, do not you see how foolish this is: to struggle and toil and labor each to get all you can, regardless of the other? Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. Seek not what is the most you can get, but what is your fair proportion. Workingmen, recognize the fact that if you took all the profits the goods never could be made, for there would be no one to buy them. Capitalist, recognize the fact that your workingman is a man, not a hand, and is to be treated as a brother man; recognize the fact that the brain, with all its thinking, can do nothing if there be not the hand to be directed by the thought. And, sisters, do not be content to get cheap goods out of the sweat and the blood and the tears of your sisters in their poverty. To apply the Golden Rule to the complicated affairs of social life is difficult indeed; but where in the world, from what religious teacher—Buddhist and Confucian and Mohammedan—bring them all together on one platform, and ask them to tell us, any one of them, or all together, from what religious teacher can you find a better rule and law to enable men to live in peace and amity together than these two laws, that are really one: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; Do unto others as you would have others do unto you? What response of Socialist or Communist or Individualist or Anarchist will serve a better purpose? It is not by change in form, it is by change in spirit, that the world is to be brought from a battle-field into a peaceful harvest-field.

We have found Him also who furnishes the ideal of human character. The other day I sat at a table with a little child three years old. The child was drawing pictures. She took the pencil and made a mark this way and that way and the other way, and when her spider-like tracks were completed you guessed it was a dromedary, and you guessed it was a palace, and you guessed it was a train of cars, and you guessed it was a world's fair, and after you had guessed half a dozen times the child said, Yes, that is right. That is the way men undertake to make themselves. How many in this very congregation have put before themselves any ideal of what their life and character ought to be? We make one mark to-day, another mark to-morrow, another mark the day after, and then we say, Guess what we are going to make of ourselves. And yet we do want an ideal, and we are constantly trying to find one. The child looks up to the mother and worships the mother until it knows the mother better. I remember a pitiful story of modern fiction, in which a boy reverences his father, whom he idealizes, until little by little it is disclosed to him that the father is a commonplace, selfish, ambitious creature. It is a pitiful story, but life is writing many such an one. I suppose there never yet was a woman who married the man she thought she married. She always idealizes him, and finds out afterwards he was something different. We are making our ideals of life, then studying them, then discovering they are not ideals after all, and searching for something else. Now, in Christ we have found the ideal, found Him for whom the world is looking. Does the soldier want an inspiration to courage? he will not find a nobler inspiration than in the life of Him who laid down his life for those who hated and despised him. Does the mother want an inspiration to patience? She will not find a nobler inspiration than in Him who was led like a sheep to the slaughter and was dumb. Does the busy man want an incentive to industry? He will not find a nobler inspiration to it than in the life of Him who crowded into three short years a work such as the world never has seen before or since in its immediate service and in its final fruitfulness. Does the sufferer want an ideal of divine suffering? He will find it nowhere in history as in the story of the Passion Week. Do you want to know what friendship means? Read the way in which Jesus Christ treated Judas Iscariot. This man of Nazareth marches at the head of the human race, and there is a long, long gap yet between the foremost of us and the One who leads the way. We have found Him for whom our ideals are reaching out; we have found Him who is the pattern of our life; we have found Him who can say—the only man in all the world who can say—Follow me.

We have found Him, too, who brings God near to us. The heart-hunger for God is universal: when it is conscious and when it is unconscious, still a heart-hunger for God. The little child in the morning is cross and fretful and whimpering, and the nurse says, She is naughty this morning; but the mother says, No, she is not; she is hungry. A great deal that passes for wickedness in the human soul has the secret of it in this: that the soul is dissatisfied with itself and dissatisfied with its life, and hungry for its God, and never has been told where to find him. The remedy for sin is not in saying, Thou shalt not steal! Thou shalt not kill! Thou shalt not commit adultery! Thou shalt not covet! It is in saying, Here is God: reverence him, follow after him, reach up to him; God and you are one. That is the remedy. And when the soul is lifted up in the arms of God, and clasped by him, and feels the beating of the divine heart against its own heart, all the hate and the rancor and the covetousness and the sensuality flee away as the darkness flees when the sun pours in through the open door and window. We want God. And we have found Him of whom the prophets have spoken and for whom the world has hungered. We have found God manifest in the flesh. It is in vain for the atheist to tell us there is no God; it is idle for the agnostic to say we never can know him; it is useless for the positivist to say there is nothing divine but man: still we must find Some One whom we can worship. And when the positivist says, Look at humanity; when he holds up the mirror and bids us look at ourselves in our own looking-glass, and bow down and worship ourselves, we shake our heads and go away dissatisfied. All records of human history, all ideals of poets, are yet not enough; still we must have the One to whom we look up without once casting our eyes down upon the ground in shame and sorrow. Do you know any such one? What life is there lived so pure that, as you look upon it, you never wish to turn away? what record written that is so golden that there is no word or line in it that you would blot out if you could? Yes! One!—not a chapter, not a phrase, not a word, not an incident, that one would tear out from the Four Gospels. We have found our God. Not in the thunder, not in the earthquake, not in the fire, not in the outward and external manifestation of power. We have found him in this one unequaled and unparalleled character of human history—Jesus of Nazareth.

And so in him we have found the secret of life and the power of life. I do not stop this morning to discuss how it is that Jesus Christ sweeps away the burden of the past. I do not stop to consider how it is that he equips us with new hope and new life and new power for the future. It is not necessary to have a philosophy in order to understand a fact. I tell my friend that electricity will carry a car loaded with passengers ten or fifteen miles an hour, and he says, How? I do not know. He says, What is electricity? No one knows. He replies, What do you take me for, if you think that I am going to believe that electricity will carry me ten or fifteen miles, when no one knows what electricity is, and no one knows how it does it? Come out with me to the street, and you will see there the car loaded carrying its passengers. I do not know how it does it, and I do not know what electricity is, and no one knows how electricity operates, but it is done. I take this book, out of which we have been singing, and I turn page after page, and there are hymn after hymn, song after song, into which the experience of the Christian Church is written; the song of peace, the song of sin forgiven, the song of burden lifted, the song of joy welling up in the human heart. I cannot find this in the translations of Confucius, or the Vedic hymns, or the Koran, or the Greek philosophy. I can find hunger—that is universal; the sense of right and wrong—that is written in every human heart; the longing desire for peace and pardon and God revealed—that is written all over the human race, and in every noble and true soul. But of victory won, light revealed, peace gained, sorrow triumphed over, I search human literature in vain to find

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the parallel of such an utterance as that of Paul's, "We glory in tribulations;" "Neither death, nor life, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other created thing, can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord." I do not know how He does it; and I do not altogether know who He is: but I see it done; and in my own heart-experience I feel it done; and it is enough, it is enough!

This is the message, I think, of the Christian world to unchristian nations. It is not, You are sinners and we are virtuous; your Confucius was an impostor and your Confucianism is a false religion; your Buddha is a myth and your Buddhism is a delusion; your Mohammed was a fanatic and your Mohammedanism is a lie—no such thing. It is this: What your Confucius and you look for, what your Buddha told you to seek for, what your Mohammed endeavored to find, we have found. We have found Him. Come, look at Him, and see if we have not found Him. It is an old and homely figure; for that very reason it will serve my purpose better: A man has fallen into a pit, and there he lies in despair. Confucius comes and looks down and says, My dear fellow, it is your own fault that you have got there; I will tell you how so to walk that you won't tumble in. The Brahman comes and says, You did not fall in, you were not pushed in, but, in a previous incarnation, you walked in; and he goes his way. The Buddhist comes and looks down and says, My dear fellow, you cannot get out of that hole, try never so hard; what you must do is to stop wishing to get out of the hole, then you will be able to go to sleep and forget your sorrows; and he goes on. Mohammed comes and looks down and says, An irretrievable and a hopeless destiny plunged you into the hole: be resigned to the will of Allah. Then comes Christ and says, My poor fellow, do you want to get out?—and a great many men say, No, but some say, Yes; and then Christ drops the rope down to him and says, Put it under your armpits, and then he calls here one and here one that have been already lifted out of the pit to take hold with him, and a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together, and we get him out into the light and the sunlight of God where he belongs. That is Christianity—that is our message. We have found Him for whom the world has waited and longed and hungered and desired.

I come back to you this autumn Sunday to speak to you again of Christ—Christ as our Saviour. This is our message. We have found Him for whom the world has waited and longed. This is our message to the nations far off across the sea. This is our message to the poor right at our hand. This is our message to troubled and chaotic society. This is our message to restless and dissatisfied individuals. This is our message to the worshiping and God-seeking soul. This is our message to the sin-burdened and sorrowing. We have found Him; we have found Him! Come, come, and let Him take you, and do you take from Him the life He gives, and the hope He gives, and the joy He gives, and the service to which He calls you.

Paul's Practical Application[1]

By Lyman Abbott

A single word passed over carelessly by the hasty reader is sometimes of profound significance. Such is the word "therefore" in the first verse of our Scripture lesson for to-day. By that word Paul indicates that this chapter is the conclusion to which all his previous reasoning in this letter to the Romans has been leading, the culmination which he has foreseen and to which he has guided his readers from the opening sentences. "Therefore" let us present our bodies a living sacrifice. Wherefore? Because of the argument brought to its close in the preceding chapter. Similarly Paul closes his magnificent argument for the resurrection in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians: "Therefore be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." In the same spirit writes one of his disciples in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews: "Wherefore seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us." The object of Paul's theological teaching is always practical life. Theology is valueless if it does not promote religion. And the converse is equally true: Sound religion is promoted by sound theology. For life consists not in doing certain acts and abstaining from certain other acts, not in conforming to certain rules and regulations prescribed by statute and enforced by conscience; it consists in a spirit of reverence, hope, fidelity, gratitude, which spontaneously issues in a life of service. The twelfth chapter of Romans is not a series of empirical rules prescribed by Paul for the regulation of human conduct. It is a series of indications of the kind of outward life of conduct which flows naturally and freely from the inward life of faith.

The remedy for wrong-doing is not conformity to law, either human or divine. The Roman and the Jew have both tried this method, and it has failed. The remedy is faith in God, as he is revealed in and through his Son Jesus Christ. But this life of faith is not confined to the Jews. It is seen in Abraham, who was the father of the Jewish nation and preceded the epoch of the law and the prophets. It is as old as Adam and as universal as the race. The Jew imagines that God has elected the Jew and passed the Gentile by. But Israel's history shows that God chooses whom he will, includes pagan as well as Israelite in his choice, and, if he has seemingly shut any up unto unbelief, it is that finally he may make all recipients of his life. For his gift of eternal life is freely offered to all—Jew and Gentile. *Therefore*, seeing that we may come unto God, having free access to life in and with and by him, let us consecrate ourselves to him in a living sacrifice, by living unto him.

The rest of the chapter is a practical exposition of what such a consecrated life involves. There is space here only to indicate some of the more important points.

The consecration is one and the faith is one, but the life is not one. Each member has his own function. Religion consists, not in what we do, but in the spirit with which we do it. The religious teacher (prophet) will teach out of his own spiritual experience; the servant will carry a divine purpose into his serving; he that gives will give with singleness of heart, not with a double or self-seeking motive; he that shows mercy will do it, not grudgingly because he ought, but cheerfully because he wishes to. The child of God will not put on a courtesy in order that he may conform to certain rules of etiquette; his love will be free from all affectation and false pretense. He will be alike diligent in his work and enthusiastic in his spirit, because in all things he will be serving the Lord he loves. Therefore will he be joyful in hope, because he will hope in the Lord; patient in trouble, because trouble is sent him by the Lord; continuous in prayer, because the Lord will be his constant companion. Imbibing the spirit of Him whom he loves and reveres, he will pursue hospitality, respond to cursing with blessing, enter sympathetically into all the experiences of his fellows, whether of joy or sorrow. He will not be ambitious for lofty station; will seek peace and pursue it; will leave punishment to God and give himself only to mercy. In brief, he will battle against the evil that is in the world by being in himself a fountain of goodness, beauty, and truth, because He who is the fountain of all that is good, beautiful, and true will dwell with him and be in him.

Such, in brief, is the conclusion to which Paul's doctrine of justification by faith conducts the reader.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: October 23—For conscience' sake (1 Cor. viii., 7–13); October 24—Love worketh no ill to his neighbor (Rom. xiii., 6–10); October 25—Where is thy brother? (Gen. iv., 8–13); October 26—Love thy brother also (1 John iv., 17–21); October 27—Judge not (Matt. vii., 1–5); October 28—Let not your good be evil spoken of (Rom. xiv., 12–22); October 29—Topic. Our responsibility for others (1 Cor. viii., 10, 11: Rom. xiv., 12–19).

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for October 22, 1893.—Romans xii., 1–15.

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The Religious World

The Parliament of Religions

Closing Hours—Practical Results

From our Special Correspondent

The Christian world rejoices to-day with Dr. Barrows in the successful consummation of his great plan. Something new has been seen under the sun, in the building on that noble lake front of Chicago, where, upon the common platform of humanity seeking to know its God, the men who, after two years of labor, had brought together the ends of the earth, saw the men of different faiths who had come in answer to their summons telling of allegiance to a common Father, and showing how he had led them on through the teachings of nature and conscience and blessed them in so far as each had been faithful to such revelation. If the Congress could aptly be compared to a new Pentecost where all the united peoples heard again the words of the Holy Spirit, it was still easier to think of it as a new Epiphany, where in the later days Christianity shone as once the star shone over Bethlehem, to draw Eastern kings of to-day to the undiminished brightness of Christ, as once before they traveled to Judea to find him in the dawn of the reign of peace which he came to bring. They have admired and they have criticised. They have pointed out sad blots, have alluded in scathing words to the traffic in rum and opium that is demoralizing their peoples, and to similar and worse evils rampant in our Christian land. The exclusion of certain races, the caste prejudices against others, the cruel treatment of animals, excited their remark; the Chicago stock-yards filled them with loathing; they considered the position of women morally as inferior in many regards to that occupied by their own. But they went away convinced that none of these things were of the essence of Christianity, and that the spirit of Christ, wherever it prevails, will abolish them forever. The effect of the presence of these men upon Christians has also been notable. It has emphasized the importance of Christian unity, deepening and creating longings for its accomplishment.

The desire for the conversion of nations represented by such attractive personalities as those of the men who have come from five to fifteen thousand miles to speak here has grown enormously. Besides creating and deepening missionary enthusiasm, the Congresses have given an earnest of more successful missionary work in the future on two distinct lines. The impulse toward the study of comparative religions opens a new gate of entrance to one, while the adoption of a more positive method of religious teaching indicates the other. In the words of the great Bishop of Massachusetts who looked forward to this gathering with hopes which few so joyously held, "Who would go across the street to take away the religion of a Buddhist or a Parsee?—who would not compass the earth to make him a Christian?" Thus the Parliament sat as both pupil and teacher in order that Christians might become more fully the latter.

No question of social evil was shirked by the Parliament; special students in each line of social reform indicated the results of lifelong investigations. What the attitude of the follower of Christ toward all programmes of reform must become, the Parliament at least outlined. He must work in a spirit of profound reverence and unbounded consecration; with an increased sense of the inestimable value of the human soul, religion must influence worldly affairs; the Christian Church must devote itself to improving the social distresses of the day; wealth must meet the rare opportunity which is offered it of holding its possessions for service; intellect must hold itself in trust for human progress; spirituality must not fly the world of affairs, but, living in it, must redeem it; co-operation must succeed competition; and yet the kingdom of Christ will come fully only through the method of Christ, which aims, not at the relief of distress, but at the lifting up of humanity. This requires more than almsgiving; it calls, in voice that must be heard, for the consecration of self.

The influence of the individual soul upon the individual soul, rather than the formulation of dramatic plans for social revolutions, received the approval of the Parliament. The Church must be the great anti-poverty society, or be false to her standards, and the race must rise into social solidarity: such are the principles this religious gathering sends out to the world. That the Salvation Army and the college professor, the social economist and the Catholic priest, the criminal specialist and the religious women who form so largely the working forces in these social reforms, should unite in such a message to the doubting Church and the callous, idle world is not surprising, but it is ominous of a new dawn of consecration of modern energy for the renovation of the slums, the reformation of the criminal, the making of manhood. Of similar import was the continuous and final word of the Parliament on the relation of nations and their governmental responsibility. The constant echo of the words, "He hath made of one blood all the nations upon earth," rang through the sessions. The suppression of slavery, international justice and amity, arbitration and war, suppression of national curses by governmental influence—these were blending notes of one general theme of the musical prologue that hints of the coming symphony of complete human brotherhood.

The most discordant note of the prophetic music was the race discrimination still evidencing itself in recent treatment of the Indian, the colored brother, the Jew, and the Chinaman. Against all such race-prejudice the Parliament set a strong seal of indignant protest. A strong evidence of the power of influence that this Parliament will have was in the stormy welcome which greeted Pung Kwang Yu, the Chinese Ambassador to the United States, when he rose on the final evening, and, in the waving of handkerchiefs, shoutings, greetings, and cheers of the seven thousand people who heard him, received the answer of the Christian sentiment of America to his plea that the Nation should be true to its treaty obligations, and that each poor countryman of his might receive from the members of this free and Christian country the consideration and sympathy, the brotherly kindness and friendship, that had been given him since he came to Chicago.

We have tried to group and outline a few of the larger subjects and most far-reaching results of this great Parliament. Our sketch would be incomplete without allusion to the personal, experimental, and more spiritual aspects of the great Congress just concluded. When an Episcopal bishop concluded his words on the Christ of history with words of personal testimony, "I know Him; I have seen Him, this Jesus of whom all history speaks," an old Methodist was overheard saying that it was the best experience meeting he had ever seen. This note of personal testimony was reservedly yet frequently sounded. Christ the Reason of the Universe, Christ the Unifier, Christ the Incarnate, Christ the Saviour of the World, were distinctly titles denoting the underlying Christian consciousness. Among addresses on "Christian Evangelization of the World," we note two, those by the Rev. George T. Candlin representing the missionary side, and by B. Fay Mills, giving the home side of evangelistic work. The warm appreciation shown by the old Archbishop of Greece to Mr. Mills, at the conclusion of his fine message, "Christ the Saviour of the World," was one of many picturesque scenes which marked the Parliament. Professor Drummond's careful, scientific paper on "Christianity and Evolution" seemed to underlie much that had been said, and fairly to represent the conclusions of many Christian thinkers as to this principle and the benefits it has bestowed on Christianity. That Christ is a "fact and not a philosophy" does not bar recognition of the value that this latest philosophy has bestowed in its presentation of Christ as the evolution of divine manhood through the struggles, victories, and education of the earlier ideas and races; and in the Congress the historical facts of Christianity were emphasized, but not to the exclusion of Christian philosophy and doctrine.

During the last day of the Parliament the increased crowds and their uncontrolled enthusiasm seemed to react on the speakers. The speakers for the closing session of the afternoon were the Rev. George C. Lorimer, of Boston; the Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, of the University of Washington; and the Rev. George Dana Boardman, of Philadelphia. These addresses are notable as expressive of the spirit of the Parliament. Dr. Lorimer's set forth distinctive elements of the Baptist faith, and eloquently described its contributions to a common Christianity. Dr. Boardman's place it was to make graceful acknowledgments to Chicago and the promoters of an unparalleled and successful effort to unite all religion against all irreligion. The Congress was "unparalleled in its composition save on the day of Pentecost; and it is Pentecostal day again, for here are gathered together devout men from every nation under heaven—Persians and Medes and Elamites; dwellers in Mesopotamia, Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, in Phrygia and Pamphylia, and [turning to Bishop Keane] sojourners from Rome; Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speaking, every man in his own language, and yet, as though in one common vernacular, the wonderful words of God." Why, he asked, has Christianity invited us to this great Parliament of the religions of the earth? "Because Jesus Christ is the only unifier. What has Buddha done for the unity of mankind? Why have not the followers of Mohammed invited us to meet them at Mecca? Because Jesus is the one universal man, the sole bond of the human race, the nexus of the nations, the great vertebral column of the one body of mankind, who, by his own personality, is bridging the rivers of languages, tunneling mountains of caste, dismantling the fortresses of nations, spanning the seas of races, incorporating all human varieties into one majestic temple-body of mankind—for Jesus Christ is the true

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center of gravity, and it is only as the forces of mankind are pivoted on him that they are in balance."

It was given to Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University of Washington, to sum up the results of the Parliament. The Bishop has been a leader both in the special meetings of his Church, which have created great interest, and in the deliberations of the general meetings of the Parliament; in expressing the Catholic position with regard to divorce and other social evils, and by speaking in favor of Sunday rest, he has won many friends. He expressed his sadness in parting from them. "Sweet indeed," he said, "has it been for God's separated children to meet at last; for those whom the foolishness of the human heart has so often arrayed in hostility, here to clasp hands in friendship and brotherhood, in the presence of the blessed and loving Father of us all; sweet to see and feel that it is an awful wrong for religion, which is of the Lord of love, to inspire hatred which is of the evil one; sweet to tie again the bonds of affection, broken since the days of Babel, and to taste 'how sweet and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to live together in unity.' No wonder that we all recognize the common possession of the olden truth, when we come together at last. It is because the human family started from unity, from an undivided treasury of primitive truth; and as it is with the long divided children of the family of Noah, so also is it with the too long separated children of the Church of Christ." Taking Christ the Ultimate Center as his subject, the Bishop showed that the Parliament had taught that religion means the union of man with God, and religions are more or less orderly systems for the attainment of that great end, and imply two elements—human craving and divine longing. "The Parliament has been a weighty blow to atheism, to deism, to antagonism, to naturalism, to mere humanism. While the utterances of various philosophies have been listened to with courage and charity, the whole drift of our conclusion has been that man can never do without God, so the Parliament has been a blessing. Next, the Parliament has brought out the truth that religion has a twofold aim—the salvation of the individual, the improvement of society. We have also learned that, if at times solidarity has pressed too heavily on individualism, the present tendency is to an extreme of individualism. The cry has, therefore, been for union; and union must lie in the line of a religion founded in monotheism and ascending to a revelation, and that revelation Jesus Christ. The Parliament has shown that this center is a historic Christ and not a vague impersonality. The prayer of the Parliament has been the prayer of Christ, 'that all may be one.' A living Church, an organic unity, is the Church of Christ and his Apostles, and no co-operation or confederation of distinct bodies can take its place." The broad-minded good will of the Parliament was shown by the unbounded applause with which it welcomed the warm-hearted address of the Bishop; and the scene on the platform as one Protestant divine after another grasped his hand in congratulation at its close seemed to mark the passing of senseless prejudice against the Roman Church, and to indicate that "protest" would, in the future, be only against its errors, and love and brotherhood be felt toward its members.

The scene on the last evening of the seventeen days' sessions can only be indicated. Great audiences packed both halls, and seven thousand people were accommodated. The great chorus of the Apollo Club gave the Hallelujuh Chorus and other selections from the "Messiah." All the foreigners were present, and, rising to the occasion, expressed their gratitude and interest. Among these a young African Prince, Momulo Massaquoi, spoke for the first time. Vichaud A. Ghandi, Suami Vivekananda, Dharmapala, and Mozoomdar were heard for the last time. Hiromachi Kosaki, Kinza Ringe Hirai, the Rt. Rev. Shaku Soyen, Archbishop of Kinzai, the Rt. Rev. Zitzusen Ashitsu, of the Zendia, and Yakabuchi Banrim, of the Shinto sect, and other Japanese who came so far at their own expense to take part in this Parliament, made their graceful farewell bow. Pung Kwang Yu made final appeal for justice to the Chinaman. Bishop Arnett expressed the interest of the colored brethren, Prince Wollonsky spoke of his native Russia, and Dr. Momerie, of London, followed. And as each foreigner finished his short address he passed to the next hall, where the programme was repeated in full. Then, in five-minute speeches, the Americans responded. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Augusta Chapin, and Mrs. Henrotin spoke for woman, George L. Candlin for the missionaries, Rabbi Hirsch for the Jews, and the Rev. Frank M. Bristol, George Dana Boardman, Pastor Fliedner, of Madrid, Spain, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, as representatives of several Christian bodies. Dr. Barrows expressed the greetings of Christian America to all mankind, thanked his helpers from home and abroad for their sympathetic attendance, hoped that Chicago would be remembered, not as the home of a rude materialism, but as a temple where lofty idealism is cherished, and prayed that non-Christians may discover the force and strength of that faith in Divine Fatherhood and human brotherhood which, embodied in an Asiatic peasant, who was the Son of God, and made divinely potent through Him, is clasping the globe with bands of heavenly light.

President Bonney said the last word, expressing unbounded satisfaction at the success of the Congress. "Henceforth," he said, "the religions of the world will make war, not on each other, but on the giant evils that afflict mankind."

Fifteen more Congresses succeed the "Parliament," while 141 have preceded it. While the Parliament has been the star of this galaxy, the Missions Congress now in session is of deep interest; it has as President the Rev. Walter Manning Barrows, brother of Dr. Barrows, whose labors as President of the World's Congress have been crowned with such honor and success. The Missions Congress was opened by Archdeacon Mackay-Smith, of Washington, with a paper on "The City of To-day: Its Place, Perils, and Possibilities." Mr. Moody will close the sessions with an address on "The Power of the Spirit." The Woman's Congress of Missions is now in progress, and the Sunday Rest Congress concluded its interesting and profitable sessions with a mass-meeting on Sunday, October 1.

The American Board

The controversy concerning the American Board does not diminish in intensity. Just now the storm-center seems to be quite as much in the West as in the East. One of the most interesting items that we have seen is a letter from sixteen Chicago ministers repudiating recent editorials in the "Advance," declaring that those articles seriously misrepresent the sentiments of the great body of the ministers in the West and Northwest, and giving a brief outline of what in their judgment would make for peace. The suggestions are very simple: First, let theological controversy be laid aside; and, second, give to all ministers, both at home and abroad, the same liberty.

Another deliverance is addressed to the American Board by the Wisconsin State Convention. Its salient features are as follows: It suggests that the Board does not realize the strength and extent of the feeling of alarm and dissatisfaction among the churches; that action should be taken at Worcester which will make the Board truly representative; and closes with the following resolutions, which we think are worthy of being quoted in full:

1. That all theological instructions and cautions given the Prudential Committee during these years of controversy be so modified that the Board shall be kept, as of old, on a soundly evangelical basis, and shall be prevented from ever being used as the organ or agent of any theological party, whether conservative or liberal, within our churches.

2. That in your election of officers and members of the Prudential Committee you will seek to remove all ground for the suspicion, unhappily now existing in many minds, that the obstacles to cordial harmony between the Board and the churches are due too largely to personal feelings, which lead to the determined ignoring of the will of the churches.

We make our appeal not as agitators, nor as disturbers of the peace, but as evangelical Christian men, seriously mindful of the great interests involved. We desire only that the welfare of Christ's kingdom may be promoted, and that men who are loyal to Christ, of every theological party among us, may have a free and trusted and honored place in the work and the councils of the Board.

It is not necessary for any questions as to blame to be raised in this matter, neither ought the theological issue to be kept at the front; the fact is that, whatever the cause may be, certain executive officers of the Board have ceased to command the confidence of the churches—we do not say of the Board, because they may have a technical majority of the corporate members; but the churches made their will heard at Minneapolis, and there can be no doubt that they are overwhelmingly opposed to the present management.

Bishop Lawrence Consecrated

The Rev. William Lawrence was, on Thursday of last week, consecrated as Bishop of Massachusetts. Trinity Church, Boston, was crowded, and the successor of Phillips Brooks was surrounded during the impressive ceremonies by a throng of the highest dignitaries of the Church. Eleven bishops were present, and the list of visiting clergymen of eminence was unusually long. The venerable Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, acted as consecrator, and the sermon was preached by Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota. In the course of his address, Bishop Whipple said: "The secret of the power of your late Bishop was not in his gifted utterances; it was in that he had learned from his Master, Christ, his hopefulness for humanity, and believed with all his mind and soul in the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. It is not alms that men need. Alms to-day make paupers to-morrow; perverted sympathy will recruit an army of tramping beggars. We want the heart, the mind, the soul of the poor man's brother."

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Books and Authors

The Rise of the Universities[1]

There are few chapters in history more interesting than that contained in this latest addition to the admirable series of Great Educators. Abelard's story, which serves as a kind of introduction to the general discussion, epitomizes, in its intensity, variety, and activity, the characteristics of the organic scholastic life of which the great teacher was the forerunner. For the universities did not have their rise in the old ecclesiastical schools attached to convents, monasteries, abbeys, and churches, but were developed out of such assemblages of students as gathered about Abelard years before the first university foundations were laid. The institutions which were to play such a great part in modern history were not made out of hand by Popes or Emperors, but grew out of the necessities of the times, and almost without deliberate intention on the part of students or professors. There was nothing monastic or academic about Bologna or Salerno or Paris in the beginnings of those great societies of learning; there was, rather, a democracy of feeling and organization and an intensity of life almost unknown in the mediæval communities by which they were surrounded.

The organizing center of the first universities was, in almost every case, a powerful and attractive personality; the great teacher was the starting-point. "Thou hast two things especially," wrote Héloise to Abelard, in the famous letter of 1163, "which could instantly win thee the hearts of all women: the charm thou knowest how to impart to thy voice in speaking, and in singing." This voice, modulated by all the skill of the orator, weighty with all the learning of the time, and musical with the enthusiasm of a poetic nature, had as great a charm for men as for women. To young men, especially, it was well-nigh irresistible, and its spell was upon all Europe. When, after various persecutions, Abelard built an oratory of stubble in a deserted tract in Troyes, the wilderness was populated as if by magic. "Cities and castles were deserted for this Thebaid of science. Tents were set up; mud walls, covered with moss, rose to shelter the numerous disciples, who slept on the grass, and nourished themselves with rustic dishes and coarse bread." The thousands who gathered about a great teacher like Abelard formed an audience constantly changing, and yet possessing, nevertheless, a certain element of permanence. To minister to such a throng, other lecturers were naturally drawn, supplementing each other in the field of knowledge. "A doctor of some reputation drew around him a group of disciples eager to be instructed. Their numbers gradually increased; other doctors, finding an audience all ready, set up their chairs near his, and thus was founded a school which went by the name of *Studium*, but which did not at first embrace the entire body of human learning. The University of Paris began with schools of theology and philosophy. The school of Salerno, the most ancient in all Italy, was never anything but a medical school. The University of Bologna, which was so greatly renowned, which had eighty professorships, and whither flocked as many as twelve thousand students from all countries, was at first only a school of Roman law. So, too, the University of Padua comprised at the beginning only its chairs of law."

These institutions were not originally universities of science, but universities of persons; they were associations of teachers and scholars, like the corporations of workingmen and the guilds of craftsmen. Starting with a certain spontaneity out of the popular life of the time, these rudimentary organizations of masters and scholars gradually developed orderly methods, and were elaborated in accordance with the conditions of a rapidly expanding activity. No sooner did they take on the character of permanent institutions than they necessarily sought and obtained both civil and ecclesiastical recognition.

From the start both Popes and Kings were well disposed towards the learned bodies, because under the mediæval system such bodies must reinforce both Papacy and Imperialism or Kingship. When philosophy and religion were practically identical, it was impossible to teach philosophy without propagating religion. So it must have seemed to the churchmen of the time; and yet in the teaching of Abelard, antedating the University of Paris, there was implicit the startling divergence between philosophy and dogma which has been so apparent for the last century. To the Emperors of Germany, the Kings of France, and to princes generally, the universities promised not only to add to the dignity of the countries in which they were established and to attract foreigners, but to become new sources of strength to royal authority. The new institutions became at once, as was foreseen, homes of public spirit; but that spirit, once widely awakened, became in time a stern judge of monarchs. "Everywhere in Europe at that time," says Professor Croiset, "the two powers of the world, the Church and Feudalism, attracted all attention, one by the boldness of its lofty cathedrals, the other by the massiveness of its dungeons. But between these two and at their feet an obscure force is already active, composed of ideas in part and in part of passions, a menacing force, aroused by instinct, and which does not itself know as yet either all that it wishes or all that it can do."

So began the great chapter of modern life set out at some length, but with essential brevity, in this well-written volume—a volume which no educator of to-day can afford to leave unread.

[1] *Abelard and the Origin and Early History of Universities.* By Gabriel Compayré. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25

Literary History of Early Christianity[1]

The methods of theological study are upon the eve of a revolution. No longer will students be content to learn, or professors to teach, an individual theory, worked out by the professor or some one else according to his own perception and with his own limitations; but now men demand to be taught the whole *cursus* of theological thought, and to have it exhibited to them in its historical development, in the evolution of the thought of the Church under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. In consequence of this new attitude, new theological works adapted to our new needs are appearing, and we gladly welcome them, and give them a careful examination, as we have this "Literary History of Early Christianity" by Mr. Cruttwell. While the purpose of the book is not theology so much as literary criticism, yet it is the very best method of presenting the historical theology of the Church. This is quite apparent in the first section, where the author treats of the Apostolic Fathers. It is just here that the criticism of the book is at its best, undoubtedly for the reason that literary criticism has most minutely scrutinized the "isapostolic" writings. Though it be a mere matter of arrangement, we think that if Mr. Cruttwell had dropped the traditional classification, and placed among these origin-writings the "Apology" of Aristides, the "Diatessaron" of Tatian Agrippa Castor, and Aristo of Pella, he would have done well. To Clement of Rome he gives the space which Clement's importance demands, and we are pleased to find that the author recognizes the importance of the Epistle of the Pseudo-Clement. Concerning this writing he observes: "We see a high though not strictly orthodox Christology, a clear grasp of the connection between the two covenants, a witness to the vast connection of Gentile Christianity, and an appreciation of the dangers of a one-sided and impatient gnosis." In the matter of Barnabas he follows Lightfoot, as indeed he does wherever he can, and fixes Barnabas's date at 78 or 79 A.D. This makes the Epistle prior to some of the writings in the New Testament canon. Its purpose is to show how Judaism and Christianity are successive epochs in the process of the manifestation of God. The chapter on the "Didache," Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, closes with a translation of the entire work. Of the Apostolic Fathers, Ignatius is the first strong episcopalian, yet we do not find the word "Catholic" used by him in the sense of orthodox. From heedlessness the author makes a little slip on page 77, where he says that St. Ignatius's title, "Theophorus," is capable of being translated God-bearer, or God-borne. Had Mr. Cruttwell remembered his Greek, he would have known that the meaning of the word depends upon the accent, and that the accent fixes either one meaning or another. The chapter is a résumé of

[1] *A Literary History of Early Christianity, Including the Fathers and the Chief Heretical Writers of the Ante-Nicene Period. For the Use of Students and General Readers.* By Charles Thomas Cruttwell, M.A. 2 Vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

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Lightfoot's great work. Writing of Hermas, Mr. Cruttwell says: "His rank in the Church is indicated under the type of a bench (*subsellium*), as distinguished from a chair (*cathedra*); by which we are to understand that he was a layman." Is not the *subsellium* the seat of the presbyter, or at any rate an inferior rank of clergy? In another place he writes: "*Nauclerus* (shipmaster or passenger)." Does he wish us to understand that *Nauclerus* means indifferently either one or the other? Little blemishes like these we regret to find in a book of so great usefulness and general correctness.

The section upon the heresies is, in the main, excellent, and contains reflections and judgments of fine depth and breadth; yet here again we are forced to deplore that Mr. Cruttwell did not examine the more recently discovered Gnostic writings, instead of relying entirely upon the accounts of the Christian orthodox antagonists. Just what does he mean by saying (page 253): "Ebionism is reviving under the guise of Biblical Theology"? To the introduction to Book III., on the Apologists, we feel certain that we cannot give praise so high as to mislead for the manner in which it shows the conditions with which the early Christian writers had to deal and precisely what they set themselves to accomplish. This is a matter about which we have needed some clear and brief presentment such as Mr. Cruttwell has given us. With the Alexandrian school of theology he is in close intellectual sympathy. "In estimating the task which the Alexandrian school set before it, we must remember that it had hitherto been a reproach to Christianity that it had not succeeded in combating the difficulties of the higher minds. . . . The difficulty was a real one. The problem was pressing and well worthy of solution. And a succession of men arose, who, whatever their shortcomings in simplicity of faith, whatever their aberrations from rigid orthodoxy, boldly faced its requirements, and shrank from no mental labor, no risk of misinterpretation, in probing to the very root the fundamental conditions necessary to solve it." "Greek theology has many faults, many aberrations, many shortcomings; but inasmuch as it honestly attempts to connect our religious beliefs by an organic process with our scientific knowledge, it can never lose its significance, and least of all in the present day." This is well enough, but what, in this connection, does he mean when he writes: "The idea of an antithesis between two kingdoms, one of Nature in which uniformity reigns and one of Grace in which it does not, and the confinement of spiritual and religious truth to the latter, was conceivable in the thirteenth century when stated by an 'Angelic Doctor,' but it is not conceivable in the nineteenth, even though by the 'angel from heaven' himself" (page 656)? In discussing Latin theologians he does more justice to them than most writers of his school; and, in particular, that much-abused "father" Arnobius receives adequate attention and a fair estimate. Taken as a whole, Mr. Cruttwell's book supplies a real need of theological students; its plan and purpose are judicious, but the author appears to have trusted too much to translations and to second-hand authorities, and has produced his compilation in too much haste and with too little reference to other than English writers.

Literary Notes

—The Cassell Publishing Company, of this city, has been reorganized and has resumed business.

—Mr. Norman Gale, the author of the fresh and fragrant strawberry-and-cream verse of "A Country Muse," is a teacher. He has a school of his own at the now famous English town of Rugby.

—Undeterred by the ridicule with which all attempts to teach journalism have been received by many newspapers during the past few years, a four years' course in journalism, under the charge of Professor J. F. Johnson, has been arranged in the University of Pennsylvania.

—Mr. Besant seems to have risen above the insularity of view which is the besetting sin of so many English writers, and looked at things in this country with a sincere desire to recognize what is good and promising. He has even had the courage to think well of the Literary Congresses, and that is saying a great deal for a man who lives in the same atmosphere with Mr. Andrew Lang.

—Archdeacon Farrar will follow up his book on "The Commandments" with another on the "Lord's Prayer," being a series of sermons delivered at Westminster Abbey last winter. Thomas Whittaker will issue it early in October. The same publisher announces a volume of "Christmas Carols" by the same writer, to be illustrated with photogravures from some recent pictures of the Madonna and Child.

—A new volume, which is expected to attract much attention, has just been written by the Hon. L. E. Chittenden, whose "Personal Reminiscences," published last spring, was so widely read. The forthcoming volume is entitled "An Unknown Heroine," an episode of the war between the States. The publishers, Messrs. Richmond, Croscup & Co., New York, expect to have the book ready very soon.

—A very interesting announcement is made by T. Y. Crowell & Co., of this city, which will have special attractiveness for the readers of The Outlook. Mr. Edward Porritt, a constant contributor to our columns, has written a book on "The Englishman at Home: His Responsibilities and Privileges." In thirteen chapters, beginning with local bodies and passing on to Parliament and the State Departments in London, Mr. Porritt outlines and describes the political organization of the English people, and the functions of their various governing bodies. The origin of English institutions is shown, the manner in which they are worked indicated, and the spirit and character of the men who administer them described. This volume will have great value for American readers in that it will give them, more compactly and comprehensively than they can secure elsewhere, an insight into the political organization of England.

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With Our Readers

I.—Correspondence

Bimetallism

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook for September 23 is an editorial "To Bimetallists." I am disappointed at the views you express therein, and do not feel satisfied not to enter my protest. The most rabid gold monometallist asks only the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act, and yet The Outlook thinks it is helping the cause of bimetallism by giving the gold monometallists all they ask for. (1) Unsatisfactory as the Sherman Act is, it is all there is in favor of silver. If professed friends of silver are really true friends of silver, they ought to see that it is just as well and a good deal easier and safer to restore silver to its old position as a standard of value at the same time that the Sherman Act is repealed. If it cannot be done then, there would be less chance after the repeal of the Act, for the reason that the repeal would be rightly considered a victory in favor of the gold standard. The gold advocates and the press they control would so proclaim it, and the people would so regard it.

(2) The next step on the programme would be the passage of an act authorizing the Government to issue from one hundred to three hundred million 3 per cent. gold-bearing bonds to be sold for gold at par, and the banks to be allowed to issue currency to the face value of the bonds. Then would follow an increased issue of currency by the banks; this would revive business and restore temporary prosperity, and what then would be the prospects of success of a great national educational campaign in favor of bimetallism? The masses are slow to think or act for themselves unless impelled to by necessity. The money power and the press it controls would loudly and constantly proclaim that this revival of business prosperity was due to the repeal of the Sherman Act, and The Outlook's national educational campaign in favor of bimetallism would languish, until, perhaps, in eight or ten years, the money power might think the business sponge—the people—had absorbed enough accumulations of labor to be worth squeezing again; if so, there would follow the contraction of currency and credits, causing the shrinking of values, bankruptcy, and ruin which we have so lately witnessed.

(3) The more real money, gold and silver, the people possess, the less credit money they will need, and the better it will be for them.

There is certainly something wrong in our system of finance when a business man cannot borrow a dollar of currency on Government bonds as security, and at the same time a certain portion of the people are given by the Government the right of furnishing currency to the people, the Government giving this privileged class currency to ninety per cent. of the face value of their bonds deposited, and allowing them interest on the bonds besides.

(4) Why not allow the people themselves, in case they see fit, to deposit Government bonds and draw currency to the face of the bonds, losing the interest on the bonds while having the use of the currency, as proposed by Congressman Johnson?

The reason is, the money power are determined to control the currency, and no measure that will tend to make the people independent of them will be allowed to pass if they can help it, and they will continue to inflate and contract the currency, to stimulate business by expansion of currency and credits, until it suits their pleasure to squeeze out the accumulations of business by a general contraction of credits and currency. Where are the leaders of the people—the real leaders, who see what the people need, and will fight for their rights instead of robbing them?

C.

(1) We have already stated our reason for favoring the immediate and unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act. That reason is, in brief, that it is consistent neither with bimetallism nor with monometallism, and we need to get it out of the way that the issue between the two systems may be clearly put, understood, and passed upon. Compromises founded on no principle, and inconsistent with all principles, are always bad.

(2) It will be time enough to meet that issue when it arises. We are opposed to borrowing gold in order to pay obligations incurred in silver, and have said so emphatically.

(3) If you mean the less paper and the more coin the better, we do not agree with you. Paper is a better *currency* than coin. Coin is useful as a standard by which to measure the value of paper, but it is not as convenient or advantageous as paper for a circulating medium.

(4) What you propose, and what is proposed by Congressman Johnson, is substantially the interconvertible bond plan of Secretary of the Treasury Windom. We approved it when he proposed it some years ago, and we approve it now. We think it a far better method of securing a larger currency than either that of borowing and storing gold, or buying and storing silver.—THE EDITORS.

—

Flowers for the Poor

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Flower Mission of the University Settlement of New York City make an especial appeal at this time for plants, slips, flowers, pressed autumn leaves or berries. Anything that will brighten the tenements during the coming winter will be thankfully received. Plants are particularly desired, and can be potted by us. The work has been carried on most successfully during the summer months, owing to the help of our friends. We are very grateful for what they have done in the past; will they not aid us still further before the coming of the frosts? If they could see the delight with which the flowers are received, the pleased and eager faces, we feel sure they would be amply repaid for their trouble.

K.

26 Delancey Street, New York.

—

The Immanence of God

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The truth of the immanence of God, which you have so strongly advocated as against the transcendentalism of God, has been of great help to me, as, no doubt, it has been to many others. Of course, I mean the transcendental immanence of God; that is, God is in all things, and yet above, beyond all things. Everything—nature, man, history—is the revealing of God within. Law is the working of the constant, inner mind. Force is the operation of the inner will. All mode of force is the will in different operations. This will is the will of the Father, who is all-loving, all-wise. Are there not grave difficulties in this thought that cannot be answered? I do not refer to personal sin, which is caused by the human will in opposition to the divine will. Nor do I refer to pestilences, which may occur from human ignorance or carelessness. I now speak of such natural events as storms and earthquakes destroying people, wrecking homes and cities, over which man has no control. How, if God is *in* his world, if all force is the manifestation of his loving, fatherly will, can these be? The answer may come, "He chasteneth those whom he loveth." But the answer to that is plain. God is an impartial Father. He loves all his children alike. How, then, are these evidences of his love sent again and again to one set of his children, while others are neglected and passed by? To be perfectly honest, beyond the constraint of all theories, is there not a force in Nature opposed to, or at least regardless of, man?

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II.—Notes and Queries

The following lines, so beautiful and appropriate, are engraved on a tablet just within the entrance to the cemetery at the village of Salem, in this State, and I have long desired to know their author. Will some one kindly inform me by whom they were written?

"Lo! what a motley and incongruous throng
In undistinguished fellowship are here!
Fame, beauty, learning, strength herculean,
Rank, honors, fortune, valor, or renown—
What trace is left of ye? The direst foes
Here meet in peace, their feuds forever past.
No burnings of the heart, no envious sneers,
No covert malice here, or open brawls annoy;
All strife is o'er. The creditor his debtor
No more sues, for here all debts are paid,
Save that great debt incurred by sin,
Which, when the final day of reckoning
Shall appear, canceled will be, or paid in full."

G. P. E.

A copy of The Christian Union for May 27, 1893, has just fallen into my hands, and I find in it a question, signed "E. S. R.," regarding the authorship of a quotation beginning:

"I have heard many speak, but this one man—
So anxious not to go to heaven alone—"

The passage is at the conclusion of Jean Ingelow's poem entitled "Brothers, and a Sermon," and may be found, I suppose, in any collection of her poems. Mine was published by Roberts Brothers in 1866.

E. A. D.

Will some one supply the lines which should follow this quotation? The whole contains the Books of the Old Testament in rhyme:

"The great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus.
Leviticus and Numbers see,
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges next appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear."

G. B. B.

Who wrote

"Talent is built in solitude;
Character in the stream of life"?

I read it originally in German, of which the above is a free translation.

A. B. C.

Can any of your readers tell me where I can find Spurgeon's sermon on "Walking with God"?

W. E. G.

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At Union Seminary

On Thursday afternoon, September 28, the Rev. Arthur C. McGiffert, late of Lane Theological Seminary, was inducted into the Washburn Chair of Church History in Union Theological Seminary. Professor McGiffert succeeds the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, who for so many years has been recognized as one of the profoundest students of church history in the whole world. The chair has also been occupied by those other professors dear to all lovers of sound learning and Christian truth, Professor Henry B. Smith, from 1850 to 1854, and Professor Roswell D. Hitchcock, from 1855 to 1887. The ceremony occurred in Adams Chapel, and must have been peculiarly impressive from the great number of earnest and noble men, so many of them now under fire, who were present and took part in the service. The charge to the new Professor was delivered by the Rev. James M. Ludlow, D.D., of East Orange, N. J. In concluding his address Dr. Ludlow congratulated Dr. McGiffert on his "election to a chair which offered a field for the highest scholarship and Christian consecration, with no restriction upon freedom of study and speech, except that which was offered by his oath—an oath not to be narrowly interpreted, but apprehended in a broad and catholic spirit." Professor McGiffert then delivered his inaugural address, prefacing it with a graceful tribute to Dr. Schaff and his colleagues. The subject of the address was "Primitive and Catholic Christianity." The spirit of primitive Christianity was described as "the spirit of religious individualism, based upon the felt presence of the Holy Ghost," "while the spirit of Catholicism involves submission to an external authority in matters both of faith and practice, and dependence upon an external source for all needed spiritual supplies. The difference, in a word, was that between individualism and institutionalism." It is not possible for us to do more than call attention to this very able address. The subject indicates its character, and its quality is worthy of the occasion and of the man. Union Seminary shows no signs of weakening under the fire of abuse and misrepresentation which has been heaped upon it, and was never more worthy of the confidence of all who believe in a broad and spiritual type of Christianity than at the present day.

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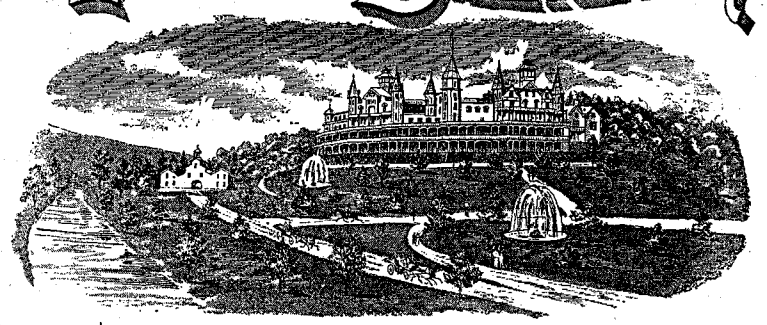

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Poverty in India

Poverty is the most striking fact in India. The Rev. Samuel Barnett, writing in the "Fortnightly Review," says:

In the streets of the cities the rich are rarer than in the streets of East London. In the country the villages consist of huts of almost uniform smallness, and the fields are worked by farmers most of whom are too poor to do anything but scratch the land.

In one city we went from house to house among the poor. A common friend gained us a welcome, and we were everywhere received with courtesy. One house which we visited was entered directly from the street. There was neither flooring, fireplace, windows, nor furniture. A few embers were burning on the mud floor, on which only is it lawful for a pious person to eat, and a few pots were standing against the walls, with, if I remember rightly, one chest.

It was a holiday morning, and the family, which in India may include grandfather, sons, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren, was gathered. The men had slept in the open, warm air, and had come in to be served by the women with the morning meal of a few ounces of grain and butter. They wore no clothes, but rose to bow us their welcome. After the usual courtesies, and when we had told them about ourselves, the talk went thus: "What is your trade?" "Shoemakers." "What can each worker earn?" "About 5 rupees (*i. e.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*) a month." "What rent do you pay?" "Eight rupees (*i. e.*, 12*s.*) a month." From which answer we gathered that not even a paternal government nor a system of land nationalization can prevent the growth of landlordism. The ground in this case probably belonged to the State, and had been let to some individual at a yearly rent, subject to revision after thirty years; but the land had then been let and sublet till the rent paid by the tenant far exceeded that received by the Government.

In another house, or rather shed, lived a mill-hand and his family. He, too, was preparing to enjoy a holiday in "singing" and "seeing the lights," which on that night, in honor of the new year, would be placed in every window of the city. His earnings were ten rupees (*i. e.*, 15*s.*) a month, and his rent 2 rupees (3*s.*) a month. Out of the margin, that is, out of about 3*s.* a week, he would have to support a large family and save enough to enable him in a few years to return and get land in his own village.

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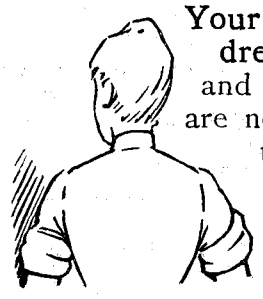

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Financial

The bank statement below sufficiently accounts for the abnormal ease in the call money market. The further accumulation of bank reserve has raised the figures to an extraordinary sum. Seldom have the banks been so strong at this season of the year, when the movement of the cereal and cotton crops to the central markets and the seaboard are going on together. The cotton bills are now quite plentiful, and sterling exchange bills are quoted this week, and at the close, at a decline of nearly 2 per cent., to $4.85, about, for sight exchange, and within about 1 per cent. of the gold importing point again, so that we may look for another influx of gold, if the decline continues for another week. The Bank of England has at last reduced its rate of discount to 3 per cent., forced to take this step because of the extreme ease in funds in the open London money market. The object of the Bank in retaining the higher rates so long was, doubtless, for prudential reasons, and to check the flow of gold especially to this country; but the accumulation of money in London has given such ease to the market that gold shipments have been made to Berlin and to other European points. The Bank of England reserve is now very large, and is now equal to any probable drafts, for the investment movement of funds there has languished as here—due, probably, to their own conditions in part, but held in restraint awaiting for the favorable time for American investments to come. When the silver question is settled at Washington, if settled by unconditional repeal, we shall doubtless see a large movement of funds from the other side for investment in our markets; and we believe that the first demand will be for middle-class speculative bonds, which have been forced down to extremely low prices, and afford, at the present quotations, a very large percentage of interest to the holder; and no one likes round rates for money better than the Englishman, especially if accompanied with fair security. Our bonds and shares are favorites in the European markets when conditions favor them. There are signs now that the London markets are anticipating an early demand for Americans; it will be a new sensation to have a continuous and unmistakable demand for our securities from abroad, as, for years, we have been suffering from the reverse movement.

This expected revival, when it comes, will also bring with it opportunity for corporations here to negotiate new issues of bonds. Our railroad systems have need of cleaning up floating debts created by the building of new lines and the bettering of the old ones, so that we may reap great benefit from the relief which will be afforded by these new channels opening because of better credits. The city Clearing-House banks have made remarkable progress in the reduction of the Clearing-House certificates issued during the week. The reduction is equal to about $5,500,000, and has brought the amount outstanding down to about $18,500,000. All this has been accomplished without any effect whatever on the money market, which has ranged, for balances, at about 2 to 2½ per cent. for most of the week.

The railways still make poor returns in their weekly figures of gross earnings, but better than for July or August. The St. Paul road, which is very prompt in reporting, shows for the last week of September a loss of only about $11,000, which is really nothing in a gross of over, or about, $800,000.

Exports of merchandise continue large, and imports small. Various small mercantile failures are reported over the country for the week, and one or two land trust companies. A number of domestic manufactories have resumed partially, employing a fair percentage of the old hands, but this has taken place mostly in New England, and is rather to work off old stock, or partially finished goods, for the markets. The markets for the week have been what are called "waiting markets," with no striking feature, and with but very slight changes in any of the leading stocks dealt in. The exception to this is to be noted in the higher prices for what are termed the coal stocks, which have advanced from 2 to 5 per cent., without any particular reason, as yet, assigned for the movement.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$847,400
Specie, increase	3,586,500
Legal tenders, increase	3,225,600
Deposits, increase	9,215,500
Reserve, increase	4,508,225

This gives the banks of the city a surplus reserve of about $28,600,000.

WALL STREET.

A School of American Politics

That excellent institution the Brooklyn Institute will add to its valuable educational work during the coming winter a class for the study of American politics. The class will be conducted by Dr. Lewis G. Janes, President of the Brooklyn Ethical Association, and will meet on Tuesday evenings at 44 Court Street, and on Friday evenings at 531 Broadway, E. D. The programme embraces a review of our political history from Revolutionary times to the present, and should be of special interest to thoughtful young men. Following is a brief epitome of the topics to be presented:

The Politics of the Revolutionary Era; Washington's Administration; The Elder Adams; Jefferson and his Party; Madison and the War of 1812; Monroe and the "Era of Good Feeling;" The Younger Adams; Andrew Jackson and the Nullification Movement; Jackson's Second Term; Van Buren and the Panic of 1837; "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too;" Polk and the Mexican War; Taylor, Fillmore, and the Slavery Compromises; Pierce and the Kansas Controversy; Buchanan and the Encroachments of the Slave Power; Continuation of the Kansas Troubles; Lincoln and the Abolition of Slavery; Grant and Reconstruction; Hayes and the Disputed Election of 1876; The Garfield-Arthur Administration; Cleveland's First Administration; The Second Harrison; Cleveland's Second Term; The Tariff Issue in American Politics.

Mr. Gladstone's Energy

Among the old hands on the Treasury Bench, Mr. Gladstone has, of course, more than maintained his acknowledged supremacy—a supremacy by head and shoulders. It has, indeed, been a "Gladstone Session." In conducting the Home Rule Bill through committee he displayed almost a spirit of monopoly in regard to the speech-making There was scarcely a clause, a line, or a word whose entire defense he would intrust to his lieutenants. Night after night he sat through long hours, answering every amendment in strings of little, dazzling speechlets, soon breaking through the doctor's rule of retiring from the debate at nine o'clock, and at the end of the session more persistent in attendance than any of his colleagues. Never—we can say without fear of contradiction—has he reached to a higher level of sustained eloquence than during this session. Whether we take his great speeches on the first, second, and third readings of the Home Rule Bill, his hundred and one little constitutional discourses in committee, his innumerable displays of wit and argument in the personal combats with Mr. Chamberlain, and, last but not least, his many important speeches on open questions like the opium traffic and the eight-hour day, he has shown the same unrivaled and unchallenged pre-eminence. This, indeed, is the great historical center of the session—the performance of Mr. Gladstone on the great stage at Westminster.—*Westminster Gazette.*

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Undergraduate Life at Oxford

Mr. Richard Harding Davis gives a very graphic picture of student life at Oxford in the current number of "Harper's Magazine." Here is a glimpse of the daily life of the undergraduate:

"The Oxford undergraduate lives in an atmosphere of tradition, and his life is encompassed with rules which the American undergraduate would find impossible, but which impress the visitor as both delightful and amusing. It is an amusing rule, for instance, which forbids the undergraduate to smoke after ten o'clock under penalty of a fine, which fine is increased by twopence if the smoking is continued after eleven o'clock. There is something so delightfully inconsequential in making smoking more pernicious at eleven than at ten! And the rule which fines an undergraduate of Balliol and his friends as well if he or they pass the gate after nine: I used to leave that College for no other reason than to hear the man at the gate say, 'You are charged to Mr. ——, sir,' which meant that one of the undergraduates would have to pay the College one large penny because I chose to go out and come in again at the unnatural hour of ten in the evening. There were also some delightful rules as to when and where the undergraduate must appear in his cap and gown, which latter he wears with a careless contempt that would greatly shock the Seniors of the colleges in the Western States who adopt the hat and gown annually, and announce the fact in the papers. It struck me as a most *décolleté* garment, and was in most cases very ragged, and worn without much dignity, for it only hung from the shoulders to the waist like a knapsack, or was carried wrapped up in a bundle in one hand.

"The day of an Oxford man is somewhat different from that of an American student. He rises at eight, and goes to chapel, and from chapel to breakfast in his own room, where he gets a most substantial breakfast—I never saw such substantial breakfasts anywhere else—or, what is more likely, he breakfasts with some one else in some one else's rooms. This is a most excellent and hospitable habit, and prevails generally. So far as I could see, no one ever lunched or dined or breakfasted alone. He either was engaged somewhere else or was giving a party of his own. And it frequently happened that after we were all seated our host would remember that he should be lunching with another man, and we would all march over to the other man's rooms and be received as a matter of course. It was as if they dreaded being left alone with their thoughts. It struck me as a university for the cultivation of hospitality before anything else.

"After breakfast the undergraduate 'reads' a bit, and then lunches with another man, and reads a little more, and then goes out on the river or to the cricket-field until dinner. The weather permits this out-of-door life all the year round, which is a blessing the Oxford man enjoys and which his snow-bound American cousin does not. His dinner is at seven, and if in hall it is a very picturesque meal.

"After dinner the undergraduate reads with his tutor out of college or in his own rooms. He cannot leave the college after a certain early hour, and if he should stay out all night the consequences would be awful. This is, of course, quite as incomprehensible to an American as are the jagged iron spikes and broken glass which top the college walls.

"It is only fair to say of these prisons that they are the loveliest prisons in the world, and that they are only prisons by night. By day the gardens and lawns of the quadrangles, as cultivated and old and beautiful as any in England, are as free, and one wonders how any one ever studies there. One generally associates study with the green-baize table, a student-lamp, a wet towel, and a locked door. How men can study looking out on turf as soft and glossy as green velvet, with great gray buttresses and towers about it, and with rows above rows of window-boxes of flowers set into the gray walls like orchids on a dead tree, and a lawn-tennis match going on in one corner, is more than I can understand. The only obvious answer is that they do not study. I am sure the men I knew did not. But there must be some who do, else from where would come the supply of dons?"

The Wealth of the World

Few people, even among professed politicians, have much idea of the wealth of the world, or of the manner in which that wealth is growing. Still fewer have any notion of the potentiality of wealth to increase. M. Jannet quotes the elaborate calculation of an ingenious author to show that 100f., accumulating at 5 per cent. compound interest for seven centuries, would be sufficient to buy the whole surface of the globe, both land and water, at the rate of 1,000,000f. (£40,000) the hectare. The actual growth of riches has not hitherto assumed such inconvenient proportions.

M. Jannet cites various authorities to show that the wealth of the United Kingdom exceeds £10,000,000,000; that of France, £8,000,000,000; that of all Europe, £40,000,000,000; that of the United States, £14,000,000,000. If we place the wealth of the rest of the world at £26,000,000,000, we shall arrive at an aggregate of £80,000,000,000. We should have, we may add, to mutiply this vast sum 30,000 times before we reached the total to which, according to M. Jannet's ingenious authority, 100f., accumulating at 5 per cent. compound interest for 700 years, would grow.

The figures we have given are so vast that they convey no appreciable idea to the ordinary reader. It may assist the apprehension if it be added that France, on an average, possesses more than £200, the United Kingdom more than £250, for each member of its population. Just two hundred years ago Sir W. Petty estimated the entire wealth of England at only £250,000,000. Two centuries, therefore, have increased it forty-fold. But the chief additions to it have been made in the last fifty years, and we believe that we are not far wrong in saying that the sum which is annually added to the capital of the United Kingdom amounts to £200,000,000, or, in other words, is nearly equal to its entire wealth at the time of the Revolution of 1688.—*The Edinburgh Review.*

In the Early Days

of cod-liver oil its use was limited to easing those far advanced in consumption. Science soon discovered in it the *prevention* and *cure* of consumption.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites of lime and soda has rendered the oil more effective, easy of digestion and pleasant to the taste.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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A most nutritious and digestible food. Specially adapted to the needs of invalids and children. Trial box, postpaid, 30c. Pamphlet free, GRANULA CO., Dansville, N.Y.

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CHICAGO'S NEW HARBOR

will be constructed at the Northern terminus of the Outer Belt Line R.R., and will admit the largest craft. The 20-foot Government Channel now being constructed necessitates a new harbor for Chicago, as the Chicago River is forever limited by her tunnels, etc., to 14 feet.

Here the Grain and Provisions of the West will meet the ship, and the Coal and Merchandise of the East will be transferred from ship to rail, for the largest ships make the lowest freight rates, and the Belt Line supplies outer freight terminals for 28 Trunk Line Railroads.

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are already preparing to locate here, for we give them sites with a deep-water slip from the harbor on one side and a switch from the Belt Line R.R. on the other.

At this point we own fronting one and one-half miles on the Lake, 2,568 ACRES of land, 700 of which, will be devoted to HARBOR and DOCKS, WAREHOUSE, ELEVATOR, and FACTORY sites and RAILROAD TERMINALS.

Men with teams are now at work making the extensive railroad terminal, switches, etc., and the Harbor will soon be begun.

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in denominations of $20 and $100 are offered for sale for the present at par. They are secured by mortgage on the entire townsite, bear 6 per cent. interest, payable semi-annually, due in five years, *both principal and interest payable in Gold.*

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Maps and prospectus may be had by calling, or will be mailed on request. They give an outline of our plans and show wherein you can secure large profits, even on a small investment.

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HARTFORD BUILDING, Southwest Corner of Dearborn and Madison Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE painter decorates the wall; the artist-in-needle-work decorates the furniture; the emperor decorates with a medal the faithful soldier; but dirt decorates all neglected things and

places with its own peculiar badge—a badge of disgrace. Decorative art is a good thing if it does not lead people so high up that they cannot see the dirt that accumulates in the kitchen and in the corners. It is those housekeepers who use SAPOLIO that win the medal of honor and have houses and reputations free from the imputation of a decoration of dirt.

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KING'S WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT DRY MORTAR

TO ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, OWNERS, AND OCCUPANTS OF HOUSES

Since the completion of *five* of the six sides of every room, hall, and closet consists of plaster, there is nothing in the economy of building upon which so much depends for neatness, elegance, and durability as perfect walls and ceilings. Yet, until the production of King's Windsor Asbestos Cement Dry Mortar (and that, too, at a price not exceeding the cost of fair common wall plaster), this feature in the art of building had not kept pace with other building improvements.

EXPLANATION RELATING TO OUR DRY MORTAR

Within the past three or four years we have made and sold about a million and a half barrels of our wall material known as KING'S WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT, with which masons have mixed their *own* sand; but, finding that in some instances they have disregarded our directions as to the *amount* and *quality* of sand to be used with it, and not being thus able to guarantee results without having control of the *quantity* and *quality* of this essential ingredient, we have, therefore, recently established in connection with our Mills an extensive SAND PLANT, and now incorporate with our famous cement not only a *suitable quality* but *correct quantity* of the best selected, silicious, sharp bank sand, being itself first systematically treated—that is, thoroughly *screened*, *washed*, and *kiln-dried*—thus providing a *reliable* and *perfect* wall material, ready for use, except the addition of water by the plasterer—and this is our WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT DRY MORTAR.

ASSURANCE OF PERFECT WALLS AND CEILINGS

By this method, together with accurately proportioning all the ingredients (by automatic weighing of the same), we are now fully enabled to control the *proportion*, *quantity*, and *quality*, and *homogeneous incorporation* of *all* the materials, and thereby to guarantee perfect Walls and Ceilings.

HOW COMMON PLASTER IS MADE

The Indispensable Requisites in the Production of Wall Plaster, of whatever nature, are: 1st, suitable *quality* and *preparation* of the materials, especially the *sand*; 2d, proper *proportions* of the ingredients; and 3d, thorough and homogeneous *mixing* of the same. Neither of these requisites are or can be strictly or approximately complied with in making wall plaster by the usual means. The sand is seldom well selected, is never treated (that is, properly screened, washed, and dried); the materials are proportioned by guess, without pretension to the least accuracy, and never but partially incorporated or mixed—to do either of which by *hand labor* would be too expensive, and absolutely impossible on or at the premises where the plaster is to be used. Nothing short of an extensive plant and steam power renders it possible to produce properly made Wall Plaster, and this is why we can produce a superbly superior material for even less than a poorer article.

RELATIVE COST OF OUR CEMENT AND COMMON PLASTER

Though our material is infinitely superior to any wall plaster made of lime, hair, and sand, or other ingredients, our method of production enables us to more than compete with the cost of a fair quality of common (or any other) wall plaster, as will appear. The materials and labor for lathing, cornices, center-pieces, and finishing coat, and the labor for applying the plaster that constitutes the scratch and brown coats of given thickness, will cost the same whatever be the kind of plaster used for the *scratch* and *brown* coats; therefore, the relative cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar and Common Plaster is narrowed down to the *comparative cost of common plaster* (*for scratch and brown coats*) *stacked, wet up, and tempered, ready for the hod; and the cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar, delivered, also ready to wet up.* For comparison we will take Col. Gilmore's Formula for common plaster, which is employed for Government work and cited in Form Books as *standard*: Lime, 4 casks, at $1.10; Hair, 4 bushels, at 25 cents; Sand, 7 loads, at 75 cents; labor for mixing, stacking, and tempering, $3.75—amounting to $14.15 for 100 square yards, or 14 15/100 cents per square yard. Our material delivered at the building, at our price, $6.70 per ton (after deducting rebate for bags returned), for 62½ sq. yds. is 10 72/100 cts. per sq. yd.—showing a difference in favor of our material of 3 43/100 cts. per sq. yd. This comparison refers to ¾-inch ground work on wood lath, and holds good on all other lathing, brick walls, etc.

ADVANTAGES IN FAVOR OF WINDSOR CEMENT DRY MORTAR OVER COMMON HAND-MADE PLASTER

Though so far superior to all other wall plasters, it costs no more than common plaster, and, therefore, can be universally afforded and for all classes of buildings. It is three times stronger—three times harder—free from acid or any other corrosive or otherwise injurious chemicals. The water with which it is wet up is largely taken up by the set, and does not, therefore, evaporate, and so *saturate* the wood-work of the structure. It adheres stronger to brick, all kinds of lath and other building materials—is more easily applied—saves time, as the carpenters can almost immediately follow the plasterers—is not injured by frost after it has once set. As it is wet-up *within* the structure, the plasterers are not delayed by storms or freezing temperature. It can be used and finished in any way that ordinary plaster can—registers, thimbles, etc., can be cut in without extended injury—nails can be driven into it without blemish. It relieves Architects and Owners of apprehension and anxiety attendant upon the uncertainty of securing good walls and ceilings by the use of hand-made and half-made lime-and-hair plaster. It is particularly adapted for setting tiles, slabs, floor brick, topping off chimneys, and the like—can be applied without special skill and by any plasterer. Walls and Ceilings made of our Cement are stronger, harder, tougher, more tenacious and elastic—will not pit, chip, crack, or fall off—are less porous and therefore less absorptive of water, moisture, and germs of disease, hence more wholesome and sanatory and less expensive to paint—are free from filthy tropical cattle hair, asbestos being used for fiber. They are fire, water, vermin, and germ proof—being harder, are not easily defaced—being smoother, are more agreeable to touch and vision—being water-proof, can be cleaned by washing—and they obviate heavy cost of repairs.

Because of the superior strength, adhesion, tenacity, and elasticity of our Windsor Cement, it is applicable to factories, printing-houses, etc., on which common plaster would not stand the jar.

Send for complete treatise on the subject of "NEEDED IMPROVEMENT IN PLASTER FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS."

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